Ἐπιλοιμια ἔπη.

OR, THE

ANATOMY

OF THE

Pestilence.

A

POEM,

In three Parts.

Describing

The *deplorable* Condition of the *City* of *London* under its *merciless* dominion, 1665.

What the *PLAGUE* is, together with the *Causes* of it.

As also,

The *Prognosticks* and most *Effectual* Means of Safety, both *Preservative* and *Curative*.

By *William Austin*, of *Grayes-Inne*, Esq;

London, Printed for *Nath. Brooke*, at the Angel in *Cornhill*, 1666.

The *Printer* to the *Reader*.

I Have no *ſuſpition* or *thought* at all, that after a *conſiderate* and *thorough* peruſal of this *little Book*, you will repent of your *pains*, or remain *unſatisfied*: and therefore *forbear* to *court* your *approbation*. All I have to ſay might well have been put in the *Title*, were it not for giving it an *unfaſhionable* length. I ſhall onely tell you, that this *Poem* was written at the *earneſt* requeſt of ſome *very worthy* perſons into the *Countrey*, at that time of the *Sickneſs*, when the *Mortality* in *London* was *ſo* great, that (*waving* what was *generally* believed, that they, not to *ſcare* the *City* from its ſelf, were *afraid* to own and publiſh *half* the number of the *dead*) according to the account of the *uſual Bills*, there dyed ſeven or eight thouſand a Week, with ſome hundreds *over and above*.

An *Affliction* never to be forgotten, and a *Subject* worthy to be dedicated to *eternall Poſterity*.

Errata.

Those *most material* that the *Reader* before perusal is desired to correct, are these.

Page 8 l. 19 for *stool ball* read *stoball*. p. 14 l. 16. f. *stoo* us good r. *make* us good. p 27 l. 10 f *jack* r. *sack*. p. 40 l. 6 put † for *. l. 19 for † put *. l 22. for * put †. p. 45. l. 10 f. *all* r *call*. p. 55 l. 1. for *ason* r. *causon*.

Those *less considerable* are these.

Page 3. line 24 for *musicks* bill read *musicke* bill. p 4. l. 2. for *dies then*, r. *dies, then* p 8 l 3. for *warfare* r. *warfare* p. 10. l. 17. for *smpling* r. *simpling*. p 11 l. 26 for *comon* r. *common* p. 12. l 6 for *to have* r *t' have*. p 18 l 5. for *were* r. *are* l. 18. for *crumb* r. *crumme*. p 32 l. 17 after *armes* put a *comma*

Adde his & siqua sint similia.

THE ANATOMY OF THE Peſtilence,

In the Year of our Lord, 1665.

Part 1.

DRawing a *Map* of this *ſad* place, my quill
Seems in the *frightful* hand that writes a (*Will.*
We can't abſcond or ſhew our *Tyrant-fears*,
But in black robe of *mourning characters.*:
If you agrade ſuch, *fitly*, then, the while
You'l with your *tears*, to grace them, mix a (*ſmile*;
And no leſs *juſtly* look they ſhould be made
To have, like day or emblem, *light* and *ſhade*.

Others to whom the thoughts of *Death* seem (full,
dull,
Like bits cram'd down the throat, when belly's
May know they *spirit*, or clear *eye-sight* lack,
Or *eyes have none*, who cannot look on *black*.
And he who now dares not be *chearful*, hath
Great *scruple*, *doubtless*, but small *heart* or *faith*.
Then, whilest I write *Lifes* hasty post, grim (*Death*,
Hold not my pen, nor come to stop my breath.
One fully resolute no where to ramble,
Now life so doubtful is, needs no preamble.
Fancy ——
But stay, lest this offence may give,
We should ask leave to *write*, as well as *live*.
Some Politicians *silence* charge, when grief
Backt with our healths chief foes, hath plaid (the thief;
(From *Physick* prove their rule, that *those fare* (*best*,
Who very sick lie still, and speak the least)
Wisely, sure, treat on *roast meat*, when they finde
Butcher and *Cook* have blandished their minde:
If faring *ill* differs from *well*, their skill,
Judging of *other* flesh, will thwart their will.
That *Royal Sir*, who had for happy lot
Gods heart, and *King of politicks* begot;
When his great breast within was orb of fire,
The breath his silence kept in, flam'd it
(*a*) higher:

(*a*) Psal. 39. 3.

And

And he who by afflictions did commence
The *Oracle* of tacite *patience*,
Saw his contraſted victory o're death;
Lay in the vocal vertue of his breath:
His tyrannous *malignant* dolours gave
No other choice to him, but *ſpeech* or (*b*) *grave*:
When nothing elſe will do, *complaint* prevails,
While pain with vapor from the mouth exhales
(*c*) *Confeſſion oft ſaves life*; when we endure
The ſmarteſt ſores, our *crying* turns the *cure*:
Deep (*d*) wound to *hide* and *lock up cloſely*, will
Such ſafety be, as to *preſerve* it ſtill.
In dang'rous ſickneſs *then* to hold ones peace,
Is like mute ſleep to nouriſh the diſeaſe.
Your * *ſeptum lucidum* a while yet keep
Lockt to our woe, do'nt grudge us time to weep.
Who think our *ſetting ſun* moſt fitly ſeems
So painted, as to caſt his *longeſt* beams:
That *Plague* with *Cauſe* and *Cure* moſt modey goes,
When in a *large* grave cloak of *mourning* proſe:
Such on the ſubject will refuſe to hear
Metre, *Apollo twitches by the ear.*
He, who with ſmiling chear on *muſicks hill*
Playes to the ſick his *therapeutick* Skill,

(*b*) Job 13. 19.
(*c*) John 1. 9.
(*d*) Κρύπτειν τὸν νόσον λυγρὸν. occultare morbum funeſtum.
* Seat of fancy.

Invigors flaccid body, drooping soul (whole.
With his illustrious rayes and *chants* them
He licence gives, who *Poët* and *Musician*
The pleasant is all-curing God *Physician.*

Τέχνηδ' ἀμφιλαφὴς οὔτις τόσον ὅσσον Ἀπόλλων.
Inventum medicina suum est, opifexque per orbem
Dicitur: herbarum & subjecta potentia vati.
——*Ex illo didicerunt funera primum,*
Differre & gelidæ vitare pericula mortis.
(strain
Fancy when blub-cheek't *Boreas* does
To make a dreadful tempest on the *Main*;
When the *Sea Arms* in mutiny require
Oceans to quench their *element of fire*:
Waters on waters horridly are laid,
As first they lay before the *World* was made.
Pretending ne're to be suffic'd with *men*,
They gape, as if they'd gorge the *world* agen;
Their *gulfey* mouths *rocks* open and provoke,
Opposing Rocks with deaf'ning noise and
(smoke:
Wave *murthers* wave, then suddenly does *burn*
With *briny* thirst to be its neighbours *urne*.
This drinks that's blood, dies then, anew does
As if it had imbib'd the others soul. (rowle,
Jupiter, Neptune, Mercury together
Joyn, as of old, to wander *God knows whither.*
Neptune with all his forces does arise,
To take *Auxiliaries* from the *Skies*:

The

The bottom of the Sea confusely thrown
Upward, contemns the *mountains in the Moon.*
Deep answers deep; the waters there and here,
Above and under heaven compose one sphere:
When rabid *winds*, like *Furies* wak't from sleep,
Design the ruine of poor floating ship.
O're *Hell* the billows boiling, how the wrack
Inebriates the mates with toil and tack!
Some torn from mast, a while with sails proud (top
They flye, and then like *Icarus* they drop
Others reel from the bark on either hand,
And sink where faithless *Peter* could not stand.
Here one with fear *freely resigns* his breath,
Another there, tir'd out, *is forc't* to death:
Ralph hastily following *Clem's* call and beck,
Justles 'gainst *Sam*, and thumps him over deck,
Like the known sport on *Venice* bridge or (boat,
A * *Castellane* against a *Nicholote*:
Or in a formal *combat*, as if he
Killing before he dy'd, should *victor* be.
Some past all hopes of life, grown desperate,
Quickly to b' out of pain, conspire with *Fate*;
The ship *falls* as she *rides*, and faintly speaks
Her inward bleeding wounds by sundry leaks:
The *sail* first tears, and then the stately *mast*,
Like some great tumbling house, exclaims its (last.

* Two Factions in *Venice*, that at a set time in the year contend for the mastery upon a bridge; whence they tumble one another into the water.

Now veſſel caſt at *Boreas* his foot,
Burſts, as a fir'd *Granado*, all about;
One then on th'other takes faſt hold, & neither
Scapes, but like *oake and Ivie*, dye together.
To bouy them up a while, each broken piece
They faſten on, and ſtick like *Solon Geeſe*;
Sporting there with their limbs at ſtake, they're
ſoon (from one
Loſt to ſome *Shark*, that tears them one
If no ſuch greedy couzening gameſter come,
They drop into the *mare mortuum*. (cold
Like bloſſoms in the ſpring, that ſome ſharp
Hath ſorely nipt, they quickly looſe their hold.
Thus 'tis with us, our deareſt darling
(breath,
The air we take, is not our life but death;
That by which we ſhould nimbly *kick up heels*,
Spread ſails to poſt along, *inverts our keels*:
In ev'ry moment of ſwift *time*, we have
Surges and *ravening fiſhes* for our grave.
Deſtiny ha's the learn'd *Phyſicians* trick,
And by conſent of moſt, *lives by the ſick*;
Lies as an *infant* ſwadled up in bands,
Who for her help uſes her *parents* hands;
Thouſands kills daily: yet, as if her powers
Were too too weak alone, makes uſe of ours.
Such are luxurient cluſter'd grapes; and ſuch
Fruit hoarded up, rots others by the touch:
As readily as *flint and ſteel*, we make
Fire: are as ſpark and tinder, *touch and take*

A

As did of old thoſe (*a*) *fought with heaven*, ſo (we;
Each is his fellows murthering enemy.
See when in fight *Mars* ragingly does ride
Through armed ranks to triumph on each ſide;
When ev'ry noiſe being voic't with fire and (ſmoke,
Sounds diſmally, as when the heart is broke:
Souldier on ſouldier in diſtracted ire
Tumbles, like unbound faggots on the fire.
One deeply wounded *dead friend* does bemoan,
Till he fall on him for his *burying ſtone*.
Like *Partridge chicken-tail'd*, that you retrive,
Here and there drop thoſe can no longer live.
Here ſtands a ſtradling *Hector*, that hath loſt
As many collops as old piſſing poſt;
At laſt with others he's compell'd to yield
His body to be pavement to the field.
Some nimbly rifle others; then as thoſe
Who took *the golden treaſure at Tolouſe*:
Another wounds them; ſo they fall down where
They ſpoil, as under load too big to bear.
They ſee their friends expire, but muſt not have
Life ſo long to be witneſs to their grave.
Who glory moſt in valour or in ſtrength,
Cannot inch time out longer than their length.
One's ſent t' *eternal ſilence*, while his jaws
Stretch wide in his victorious friends *applauſe*,

(*a*) 1 Sam. 14. 20. Judg. 7. 22.

Another *heartning* of his neighbour, feels
His own *faint wounded ſoul* run down his heels.
Thus we (*God help us*) our *ſick warfare* (finde,
Being *fruit* that hang but till the firſt brisk (winde.
We're *ſtanding-corn* to day, then by and by
With ſickle cut; we do but *live to dye.*
Where the *judicious* make but a *retreat*,
Timerous vulgar crowds have their *defeat*:
One ſeeing how they tremble as they ſtand,
Would think they were on * *Gabians* quaking land. * *Plin*
They goods impriſon in each cheſt and hutch,
As if they were made guilty by their touch:
As tim'rouſly they talk, look pale and ſtare,
As if they had been frighted by the air.
E're they do firmly ſtabliſh their intents,
Firſt ſhittle-cock and ſtool-ball arguments:
They're bid to *flye*, and then they're bid to *ſtay*,
And ſo are hail'd and tortur'd ev'ry way.
Some ſtrive to *change*, at leaſt, their vote *pro-* (*regue*;
But the far greater number bears the vogue:
Should pelf, *ſay they*, ſo far with us prevail,
As to out-weigh our *lives* in th' other ſcale?
Linger we here like *Archimede*, till we
Circle our ſelves out of all *Geometry*?
No, *Balak* bids, where *God* ſhows angry face,
To build him altar in another place.

Let's

Let's therefore lock up all, and haſten out,
And ſo *they turn the ſail, and tack about:*
Both of them and their goods we are bereft,
While their *fear* ſeems concomitant to *theft.*
They run to *hide their heads* in ev'ry hole,
As if their *bag and baggage* they had *ſtole.*
Have y' ever ſeen a routed army, how
They mount up *head and tail* like cap'ring cow;
Bound as *Tre-ding-te-do*, or as when ſhot
Falls in the rear, and rouzes lazie *Wat?* (then
Leap hedge, then fall in ditch, ſcape ditch, and
Flounce into bog; then out, and in agen?
Think us as light of heel, as wilde and mad,
As new hatcht Partridge of the *Tribe of Gad.*
But as *unlucky birds*, it is our lot,
That ſcarce one of a flock eſcapes the ſhot.
Haply we're ſafe the firſt day of our flight,
But go into our *winding-ſheet* at night:
So have I ſeen poor panting hunted deer,
Wounded by fatal arrows here and there,
Sigh, flye, winde, turn; but does as vainly fret,
As rambling Coney ſtruggles in a net,
Heightens her dole, and after all her courſe,
The *life* ſhe'd ſave is *torn* from her by *force*:
From her own ſelf ſhe poſts away apace,
And makes the greater ſpeed to loſe the race.
By thoſe infectious fires that ſhe flyes,
Like ſquib i'th' air quickly conſumes, ſhe dyes.
Phyſick's ſuſpended now; you'l ſoon ſee
As herbs, their ſeaſon come, hung up (why,
to dry:

No man that *ſells his wiſdom* here will be,
Where *Patient* dies e're he can come for *fee.*
You muſt allow that they who *Judges* ſit
On life and death, ſhould *go the circuit.*
What would a man chides the *Phyſician* have?
What ſhould he do where he wants skill to
It cannot be *honeſt* or *wiſe* mans part, (ſave?
To meddle with a thing beyond his art.
The Plague being out of humane power, doth
That there's infallibly *a God* above. (prove,
To ſee men die, and never make complaint,
More then by Purge or Pill, would fright a *Saint.*
Pitty with fear would move an *heathens* ſenſe,
And bring his frailty to his conſcience:
'Twould make him as a *Chriſtian* Phyſician,
Try well the *Simples* of his *Compoſition.*
Smpling's a part of Phyſick; and you know,
Solomon ſaid, take ſimples where they grow:
Doctors muſt needs be wanted where they'r gone,
For all the Countrey's ſtrangely *liver-grown.*
The ſorrow that to us does intervene,
Makes us extreamly troubled with the *Spleen:*
Much honeſty and kindneſs they do ſhow;
Telling us all their minde before they go.
They ſay *mox, longè, tardè,* and thus put,
As wiſe men ſhould, their *Iliads in a nut:*
Who is not ſatisfi'd with this, may fret,
Till *Paſſion* prove his antidote by *Sweat.*
A medicine that is taken e're 'tis given,
Good to drive out their *vild* (and druggy) *leaven.*

It

If any with their *Lord have mercy's* bleſt,
He may get *Pariſh-Prieſt* to do the reſt.
Phyſicians ſo into *Divins* will run,
And then exhale as *Spirits* in the Sun.
They'd reprehended be to go away;
Like thoſe who would not heal on *Sabbath day*:
Withdraw from the diſeaſe their helpful skill,
When it hath got the greateſt force to kill:
Claim ſo great *fame* of us, and when they come
To merit, leave their *titles* in their room.
Like *diſtant* ſpreading trees, ſome ſinking (wretch
Reaching out to, does onely *ſhadow* catch:
But none can be diſhonour'd, ſham'd, or ſhent,
For wanting his *full* power they repreſent.
They never were intended ſuch renown,
To have with *Doctors ſtyle* great *Natures crown*.
They're ſtill but Mortals, who our crazy harms
Are not to help by miracles or charms:
Their *abſence* intimates they do endure
Hardſhip with *detriment* for *Patients* cure;
And for the good of *Nature* are deſign'd
To *help her work* * *that way ſhe's moſt inclin'd*.
Their Patients their co-partners they make;
The preſcripts they give them, themſelves they
What though the *air* comon as *water* be, (take.
Jordan could ſerve to cure the *Leproſie*.

---

* *Hipp. ſect. 1. aphe 21.*

Thoſe

(too;
Those that have *care of souls*, have *bodies*
And *these* must be provided for, *you know.*
Therefore that honest neighbor do'nt esteem
One *next himself* the *farther off* from him:
They tell him, what no *Heathen* is so strict,
Learned or wise to have wit to contradict:
That vertuous man can ne're offend or sin,
Who makes his *Charity at home begin.*
So having pleasur'd those that would complain
As with thick cloak against a showre of rain;
That *blessing* want not, which the *sick* require,
Make us as happy as we can desire.
E're they depart, bid us *adieu*, and thus
Leave *God*, *the best Physician*, with us:
They leave us; and we well do know the
matter, (ter.
That *shepherds*, *when the sheep are smitten*, scat-
Who t' *Aaron* now or *Moses* make address,
As of old, seek them in the *Wilderness*:
Where no more *Grove-Idolatry* we'l fear,
Since *Levites*, who Gods judgements *dread*,
(are there.
We wonder not they leave us thus alone,
That *Prophets* fail us, since the *Law* is gone.
We would reprove them well to leave us here,
Like *Priest* and *Levite* vulned passenger;
If they, should people teach, could not abide
In town or life to have the *Text apply'd*:
If where they cannot *save*, they should employ
Their breath and lucubrations to *destroy*:

If

If they with *fear* should have so little *grace*,
To think themselvs *less* sinners for their *place*:
Were not the *bodies* of the *Saints* as dear
In *life*, as are their *Reliques* any where.
Did *Pastor* not for *Sheep* in such mishaps,
To shew them way of safety, *break the gaps*;
And was that *Patriark* conquer'd *God*, so brave
T' precome *Death*, and not halt into his grave.
The *Law* dispersed sundry wayes, invites,
As did the Infant *Gospel*, Proselytes.
Each *Inns of Court*, shut fast up, seems to you
Mysterious as *Synagogue of Jew*.
Conveighancer is at *Surveighers* hand;
As both in field design'd to measure land.
If any quarrels betwixt neigbours breed,
Lawyer no more then *Conjurer* he'l need:
For in a short time he may lay his life,
One or both parties die, so end the strife.
We'd blame these *Dons* to leave us in a State,
O're-power'd by th' *uncivil laws* of Fate:
To *back* the bench and bar, relax and thaw
This bitter biting weather, from the Law.
Many would shrewdly chide them for their (pains,
Condition'd they'd but left them so much (brains.
Who serv'd the *Tabernacle* did not fail,
They say, to keep it with *vail over vail*. (*State*
The *Court* disbands, as if the *rule of*
Were like some long worn fashion, *out of date*.
Each

Each Officer, like a *Diagoras*,
Studies the difference 'twixt place and place:
How he with ſafety fartheſt may recule.
From thoſe relate the neareſt to his rule.
They fly, as if our judgement were the ſame
With *Sodom* and *Gomorrah's* ſulphure flame:
Theſe fain we'd blame, *I know not why*, unleſs
We thought our Plague on them would make (it leſs.
(As if by our ill husbandry w' had found,
That their deep channels well might drain our
ground.) (meet,
Like ſuch would all things with one meaſure
Stand on our *head*, or have our *hands* our *feet*:
When finding we're exceeding *ill*, we wo'd
Finde fault with thoſe could never ~~do~~ make us *good*.
After we have *rebell'd*, we angry are,
That in our *puniſhment* they take no ſhare:
When for our ſtubborneſs we're ſcourged thus,
We'd cry, *Our Rulers wo'nt be rul'd by us.*
But we ſee *Nature* kindely takes our part,
To keep untainted *liver*, *brain*, and *heart*.
When Haracans blow us away, heaven *ſhrouds*
The heads of *lofty mountains* in the clouds.
We ſee in gloomy tempeſts each fair light
Adorns thoſe Orbs above, withdraws from (ſight:
And when to Earth Heavens Parliament did (vote
Plague-grave of rain, the *Ark* did ſafely float.

Ba,-

Bacchus & *Ceres* worthies, ſuch who ſhine
By th' agile, jovial raies of Ale and Wine;
Haunt Tipling-booths, & ſerve, *as many think*,
To talk up vap'ring ſpirits in the drink:
Or, *as moſt modern authors phraſe it*, ſtand
To gage the Liquor-casks with *ſword in hand*:
Till in their {*file* / *foyl*} they fall, as not being fickle
To quit their ſervice, though they ſleep in (pickle.
Of theſe (whom one liſting, affirm'd it truly,
They were as numerous as Flies in *July*)
Some *few* are left, but *moſt* are gone, we ſee,
To teach *rurigine* Bumkins *Cocks* can *neigh*:
He's but a *Craven-cock* who cannot brave,
Unleſs he may his own known Dunghil have.
So great a tempeſt beating on our *Shore*,
No wonder if the *fields* and *meadows* roar.
What place can you ſuppoſe fitter to yield
Such fruit as *Wildings* be, then *hedge* or *field*?
Tranſplant them, or if you do them ineſt,
Much ſweetneſs they acquire, and prove the (beſt:
None can courageous ſpirit qualifie,
Better then with the Countrey honeſty.
Augeas Stable ſtill had been unclean,
Had *Hercules* ne're from his City been.
Theſe ſhould be blam'd; for now when *Night* (is dreſt,
They fail to tell the *ſpangles* in her veſt:

Leave

Leave us the ſad reverſion of their wars,
(And in their ſtead) to combat with the ſtars.
They ſhould be blam'd, for being now ſo
As to leave City *without welt or guard:* (ſcar'd;
Did not their flight their *ramage* proweſs meet
Friendly, and by their care prove it diſcreet:
Show by their *retroſpection* that they've ſenſe
Of *after world*, as men of Conſcience;
And to our charity commend their *fear*,
As ſuch have not *courage* enough to bear.
They'd be in fault, if with their *ſouls* they do
Truſt *God*, and do not with their *bodies* too:
Did not they ſignifie each of them ſtrives
For future juſtice to preſerve their lives. (now,

The *Trades* are in their *Hieroglyphicks*
Their *Shops*, *Halls*, *Signs*, left onely for a ſhow.
Their progreſs they are gone to ſundry parts,
T' inſtruct rude countrey towns, and ſowe (their arts.
They ſwarm in great ones, and are fixed there,
As if our ſad, *foul* weather made their *fair*.
The onely thriving trade that one can tell here
Lives by the *dead*, (as Hangman) *Coffin-ſeller*;
You judging of this myſtery, muſt know,
That ſturdy Smith, who lives by thump and (blow,
Shoemaker, Chandler, Glover, Baker, Grocer,
And ſhe makes ſhirts, & lives by *Yes* and *No Sir*,
All theſe, with almoſt eve'ry money-taker,
Are *ſumm'd* and *tomb'd* up in a *Coffin-maker*.

As

As each Diſeaſe when the Plague rages, is
Turn'd to the Plague; ſo all trades turn to this.
At ev'ry door ſtand marſhall'd in array
Biers, as green boughs are planted there in *May*.
Trades would be blam'd for going out of town,
They take our *Cities* glorious Standard down.
That Standard *Fame* for news ſhews *forreign*
(*Kings*
Each new day, and relyes upon for wings;
Enchants *Erinnyes* Snakes with rage to greet
Each other till their *Cadmus* teeth do meet.
Can e're they *Londons* intereſt repay,
Though they ſhould *work* on ev'ry *Holy-day*?
Do they want *tools*, or make they *tail of bricks*,
That to the *woods* they go to pick up *ſticks*?
Do they now for the want of *Prentiſes*,
To Countrey go to be ſupply'd with theſe?
To their new ſtreets inhabitants to win,
Fly they as *Coy-ducks* to bring others in?
As *tir'd* and *heartleſs* muſt they take their *eaſe*,
And like *poor land* lie fallow to encreaſe?
Or ſhould the graſs in ev'ry ſtreet be ſeen
Florid and verdent as in *Bedlam-green*?
With vacive-houſes do they lay a wile
For *wandring Jews* uſurp them may the while?
Or *ſayes ſome Prophet* that great Turkiſh race
They may beget by changing of their place?
No, no; who'l neither *pitty* nor *excuſe*
Others great loſs, deſerves himſelf to loſe.

You'd ſcarce count ſuch an *Artiſan* diſcreet,
Knows how to uſe his *hands*, and not his *feet*.
When ev'ry one into the *Countrey* flyes,
Trades here are wheels without their *axel-trees*.
Th' imbellick and meticulous they were
By th' ancient laws exempted from the war.
It is not alwayes *fear* makes men retire,
Nor alwayes *cold* that drives them to the fire.
Muff upon glove, and gate with door to houſe.
Speak pleaſure, mode, convenience, grace and
(uſe.
Who hath good words, will ſpare ſome to his
(neighbour.
And bleſs as well thoſe *reſt*, as thoſe that *labour*.
Who by his *birth* and *calling* too is *free*,
Hath double right to *lawful liberty*.
Well bak't bread hath good cruſt as well as
(crumb.
And he writes beſt that hath his elbow rome.
They get by their departure no diſgrace:
The place did not make them, they made the
(place.
Men honour have not *places*, unleſs thoſe
Where we *bare head*, or *pull off hoſe and ſhoes*.
His place muſt *out of meaſure* him bewitch,
Makes altar that does daily kiſs his breech.
When any at *deaths point* their dear lives crave
What power ha's that *idol* then to ſave?
City ſhould ſuch *preſerve* who give it fame,
Which from thoſe 't would *deſtroy* it cannot
claim.

If they be *rich*, long ſervice uſhers *gain*,
That bows low to their *hand*, and thanks their
(brain.
If they have *honour*, 'tis not their *renown*,
More then their *labours* crop & *vertues* crown.
When calm bright day with beauty to expreſs,
The moſt reſplendent robe in glory's dreſs,
Varying her look and tire, with *lightning*,
(thunder,
Hail, *wind* & *clouds*, changes admirers wonder,
What fault have thoſe, whoſe luckleſs dwell-
(ings lie
For quarter to ſuch plundring enemy?
Yet *all* forſake not home, but *thouſands* ſtay,
Who ne're go out of Pariſh bounds to pray.
Haply (as who'd not wiſh?) when plague is o're,
May moſt be bleſt to multiply a ſcore.
London's not in *Cimmerian darkneſs* then,
But robb'd of light to be return'd agen.
Its richly furniſht buildings ſeem to th' eye,
Like ſhips that in ſafe port *at anchor lie*.
Principle 'bides ſecure from all abuſe,
Onely a while it wants a little *uſe*.
Who with *malignant* ſickneſs is at ſtrife,
Ha's hardeſt task can be in humane life.
None learns to *tutour Fate*; nor can be ſaid
Lord of his *life* with *maſter* of his *trade*.
Who *needs* will *cavil*, when the ſea apace
Poſſs o're the bank he ſits, ſhould keep his
(place.

Or when he sees some fire-drake does assail
His face, neither hide that nor turn his tail.
Abroad we see huge *Pindus's* of men,
As if the deluge were to fall agen. (spight
While *(prais'd be God)* he from *Fates* rage and
Tenderly keeps *(unquencht)* our *Israels light*,
We're like *that people*, when the vulgar throng
Took the dimensions of * right and wrong.
We'd clamor at *those mounts*, but that we know
The *vales* would loudly eccho back our woe.
And e're we can with words our envious *pride*
Advance, our stolid *vanity* deride.
They should be blam'd, did not our reasons
(seem
To call them back in a sophistick dream.
Can aught within arts verge be found or made
To whet our wit or judgement to perswade?
We should be blam'd, and we our selves should
(blame,
Did not *confession aggravate* our shame;
And make our own insimulating breath,
Sub'tly ally us to a double death.
'Tis not our stay, but our disorder'd pranks,
Betray our lives, like troups have broke their
(ranks.
Such are our frantick fits, they cry to have
For whip and scourge no *Bedlam* but the
(grave.

* Deut. 12 8.

We

We who remain, ſeeing each *attinent*
Deaf to our kindeſt words, remove his tent:
Friends were as dear as *fleſh* can be to bone,
Or *heart* to *boſome*, leave us all alone:
That when we have the greateſt need to uſe
Their friendſhip, then the *love-knot* ſhould unloose;
In bitter windes, when't hails and rains and ſnows,
Then to be rob'd and ſtript of all our clothes:
That *men* and *money* temper'd are alike,
As cold to help as hard to move or ſtrike:
That we ſhould find our richeſt heaps ſo ſcant,
That they but ſerve to minde us of our want.
As one to *Weſtminſter* ſome ſtranger brings,
To view the wealthy Sepulcher of *Kings*.
The beauteous bulk & countenance of wealth,
Perſonleſs and without the *ſoul of health*:
That our bags, when moſt *heavy*, ſhould be found
Onely of weight to *weigh* our hearts to ground:
Since th' *eye* aſſures us now we muſt not think
'Twill *look* on us unleſs in *paint* or *ink*;
And th' *ear* no other *words* from us will hear,
But ſuch as may be *currant* with its *fear*:
Takes from our mouths onely ſuch gales as may
Carry its rocking veſſel forth our bay:
T' expect ſuccour from *ſon*, as well one might
Dayes *ſun* expect at deadeſt time of night.

Who ſeeks one for his bleſſing, as his ſon,
For bleſſing comes to Church when Church is done.
No *mothers* tender hand nor pitteous ſmile
Over her own *dear bowels* while they broil.
No *wife* to comfort. With the body *heart*
Firſt dies, as ſenſeleſs: then *head* dies apart.
Siſter, brother, husband not more diſclaim
Their kindred, then the hearing of their name.
In their aſſiſtance all no better are,
Then th' empty eccho anſwers from afar.
In *neighbours* houſe we think to give our mone
That eaſe and ſcope it findes not in our *own*.
With *open* mouth we run forth; but the door
Anſwers our mouth as it was *ſhut* before.
Then haſte we to *acquaintance*, who the worſt
Fearing, had took th' *alarum* to be horſt.
To ſend them gifts, would ſeem ſuch flattery
As theirs, who court old men with gifts to die.
Carriers too are in like croſs *reſtive* mood,
Neither with *words* nor *preſents* to be woo'd.
As if they ſhould be preſt here, did they come,
To carry biers to grave, they ſtay at home.
Finding our ſelves each one as left *perdu*,
In *labyrinth* without *Ariadne's clue*;
And having for our bitter ſole relief,
Muſings, ſuſpitions, malady and grief:
All things *without* and *in* us full of woe,
We'd ſuccour beg, but *from whom* do not know.

Then

Then like ſuch totally ſubjected are
To th' effrene, maniack manage of deſpair,
With ev'ry rule we are at mortal ſtrife
Would draw us from th' anomaly of life:
Orders confound, and morals ſend to beg
In fields and woods, with neither arm nor leg.
As if *reaſon* were *ſtupid ſloth* to feel
Aculeate *ſpur*, we place it at our *heel*.
Juſtice and dignity we onely put
Before, to take the firſt place of our foot.
In harming *others*, that we harm not leſs
Our ſelves, we murther our own conſciences.
Then when our ſouls tell-clocks are huſht, (that we
Without remorſe, may *ſleep* in villany;
We *dream* of nothing but ſuch freaks as they
Uſually act who with the *Fairies* play.
What may unriddled *folly* be; elſe what
On others name or body leaves a ſpot.
To ſcape the Plague we ſee laſcivious Dame,
Who gives it us, but by another name.
We ſurfeit and luxuriate till the Peſt,
Though not invited, boldly ſhares the feaſt.
This *pledges us our healths* that freely ſpare
Liquor of life to the infected air.
We give our ſelves to each enormity,
Will let us have the leaſt ado to die:
Our valour, ſince we'd try what would come (on't,
So favour as to place us in the front.

We liſt under ſuch vices ſeldom fail,
But ſpeedily do with the Plague prevail.
They ſuch be nothing have to do with it,
As we ſuppoſe, no more then flyes with meat.
Such as no more will let us feel our bane,
Then did *Vitellius* his bouzing vain.
No more with plague confederates are then
(Cloiſter
With Market, Sword with Quaker, Lark with
(Oyſter.
The Captain *Zophyrus* his project hath
Like Preſident to ſchool our cheated faith.
As *he*, ſo *they* lead us with friendly word;
But yet at laſt conſign us to their *Lord*.
By *Searchers* we are govern'd, ſuch as feel
Whether a man be made of *wood* or *ſteel*.
They're pilgrim-*weemen-ſeers*, who can tell,
Not whether one be bound for *heaven* or *hell*,
But what's of more importance, *many think*,
To know the ill and wellfare of his chink.
They prate not much of health, as others, but
Are of the *Gentle-craft* to fit his foot.
Speedily they prepare him for the grave,
And then take meaſure of what e're he have.
Confeſs and then abſolve him all alone,
With power as much as ever had *Pope Joan*.
Better that you may know with theirs our ſtate,
They may be tearm'd *the middle magiſtrate*.
Not for their *ſex* but *wayes*: for they'l be ſure
To come between *heir* and *executour*:

Juſt

Juſt in the *center* fall, where's underſtood
What ever can be valued as *good*.
They fear no rebel forces may them brave;
For none will ſtrive with them for what they (have.
They're Captains of th' *Amazonian* ſhades,
Whoſe diſmal territories none invades.
For all their *age*, they're left us for a *breed*,
Serving us alwayes at our *greateſt need*:
Serve dying man to *multiply* his ſtore,
Increaſing with what he can uſe no more.
Ingender with the dead: as on a tomb
The *Spaniard* did with the *Popes* † neece in (*Rome*.
Whom ſhall we ſpend our breath more to (commend,
Then one is left our laſt and onely friend?
They are our friends beyond what can be ſaid,
For they do not forſake us when we're dead:
Our *ſpirits* awe and keep our *ghoſts* in fear:
As you may ſee by the ſmall *wand* they bear.
With *Searcher*, *Nurſe* and *Quack* too (rule our ſtate,
To make compleatly a *Triumvirate*.
Her *Politicks* are not from *Ariſtotle*,
But from the *grave*, the *purſe*, the *bag* and *bottle*.

† A marble Figure upon a tomb in St. *Peters* Church of a very beautiful Lady, with which a Spaniard was ſo enamoured, that he expiated his luſt upon it, as if it had been alive.

Her

Her task is hard: therefore one muſt allow
Her food as much as if he were her plough.
Her danger being great, he cannot think,
Her analeptick worſe then *Spaniſh* drink.
Though ſhe take many a *preſervative*,
Quickſilver's that which keeps her beſt alive.
Her daily pay as commonly is known,
As hers that *lover* ſerves for *half a crown*.
Her *hands*, to take, are nut-hooks, and her *feet*,
As ready are to run for *winding-ſheet*.
She keeps the ſick from *want*, which ſhe does
(ward
Off ſo, it can't touch her who is his *guard*.
Narcoticks are the beſt things he can keep
By him: for ſhe thrives beſt when he's aſleep.
He never *chides* her: nor indeed is't *reaſon*
He ſhould; for well he knows 'tis out of *ſeaſon*.
Paſſion uncurb'd by *fear* is maſtive dog,
To raging fury lett and freed from clog.
The Peſtilence like Frigot then will ride,
Hard goaded in the poop with *winde* and *tide*.
And ſoon his lifes dear longing he may looſe,
Who for his *Nurſe* is nice to pick and chooſe.
Suppoſe ſuch are as ſcarce as may be tare
In corn that's weeded well: one here, one
(there.
Diſcarded *nurſe* may do him as much harm,
As *Devil* ſent away without a *charm*.
For want of *Nurſes* think as many ſholes
Of ſick have died, as hops without their poles.

For

For her *neglect* or *abſence* his content
Is *patience*, as beſt fitting *patient*.
He'l ne're give out ſhe kill'd him: for 'tis ſaid,
He's to be alwayes ſilent when he's dead.
And while he lives, *Nurſes* he'l never curſe,
Knowing few *good*, moſt *bad*, and many *worſe*.
Quietly he'l conclude ſhe's ſuch a thing
About his perſon, as is *plague-ſore ring*.

You now to know the myſtery of
May jumble *walnuts* in a *muſty* ſick. (*Quack*.
As many knick-knacks, *many will avouch it*,
Lurk in his brain, as in a *Tinkers budget*.
Now be'nt in wrath to ſee *Quack* hindmoſt
Greatneſs and *office* put him in the *reer*. (here.
Knowing not to lead, he is not *firſt* nor *middle*;
Having no ſoul of *harmony* to fiddle.
Therefore, as beſt of all to pleaſe your taſte,
Like ſugar after phyſick, comes at laſt.
He or *ſome* for him, ſetting out a throat,
The patches ſpeak in *Tom of Bedlams* coat.
As variouſly his pedigree he brings,
As flies from ſorts of reptils take their wings.
He never broke his brains to know or bear
A *Doctors trouble*, who runs here and there;
But his *firſt principles*: that you may think
He's *knowing* man to deal with *pen and ink*.
He was bred up to *keep accounts*, or know
The ſubtlety of *weavers art* or ſo. (layes
But ſince *counts* fail, and *ends* are broke, he
A new deſign, and falls to *vary phraſe*.

By

By *Phyſick* he thinks beſt he may prevail;
So *What d' ye lack*, he turns to *What d' ye ail*.
Finding his ſtate ſink, and almoſt paſt hope,
His ſpirits like brave ſouldier, muſters up:
Reſolves to *ſave* himſelf, or by ſome limb
Catch others, and ſo make them *fall* with him.
Then without farther thought, or needleſly,
Hackny'ng his breech to th' *Univerſity*,
As rebel Coblers in the Pulpit where,
He from the *ſhop* ſteps into *Doctors chair*.
So when ſome courſe old *Holland* napkin roſe,
'Tis diſhclout turn'd, and ſerves to ſcowre the
(pots

What hurt do *many* medicines, well is known:
Therefore to mend this fault, he hath but *one*:
Somewhat that on diſeaſes *foul will fall*,
And like the fire conſume and conquer all.
Some *water*, *pill* or *powder* can give birth
To wonders: bring out all things like the earth:
Somewhat can mollifie the *hardeſt corn*,
And ſtraight the windings of a *crumpl'd horn*.
With his *rule* he can take *Pauls* height, or uſe
To *lay foundation* to a *winking houſe*.
The *guts* that do but learn his skill in part,
Are thought the *cloſe Meanders* of his art.
The bodies ev'ry limb and bowel greet
With as much pride his worth, as gouty feet.
His inſtrument's a ſaw, nail, ſcowrer, rammer,
Wedge, chiſſel, plane, cord, bellows, forge
(and hammer

Of

Oft 'tis but one: but hath as many joynes,
As *merchant's* shop with rattles, pins & points.
Expect his ware not new and in the fashion,
But what as old is as dissimulation.
Under a new name vampt, as strange appears,
As when the *Farrier* cuts off *horses* ears.
As when for your convenience you do
Turn heel down, and make *slipper* of a *shoe*.
To ev'ry form and thing change this he can;
As *Jesuite*, they say, is *ev'ry man*.
Like serpent with its old skin off, it is
Just as some new-born issue, christned his.
Lest barren he by others be revil'd,
For heir of arts, fathers anothers childe.
He's very *humble*, you must understand,
Taking his fees by others *underhand*.
Whether his *calling lawful* be'nt or be,
H' ha's luck to finde a *lawful deputy*.
Some *Bookseller* or *Pothecary*, these
Till he fare better, finde him bread and cheese.
These two, while he at *tick-tack*, *passage*, *ruff*,
Is diligent, make money of his stuff,
While he consults to make his *golden calves*,
As *Jeroboam* did, they go his halves.
You've seen an *highway gelding* turn to *jade*,
So does his *doctors science* turn to *trade*.
Of these he learns to set himself out bigger,
And binde his phrase in *form*, if not in *figure*.
They for his credit will not let him lack
Hard words would break a plowmans teeth to crack.

To trim him up they are his *looking-glaſs*;
Or ſerve as *ſcowring ſand* to bright his *braſs*.
If he outlive the times, he'l never bluſh
In meaner habit then of *rival pluſh*.
A Doctors fellow he for wealth will be,
In judgement onely of a low degree.
Mean while his preſcript and his phyſick form,
As † *Hymeneus* ſpeech, proves canker-worm:
Mangies our purſe, eludes our life, and hath
Authority to ſtigmatize our faith.
And he himſelf, as his great acts may tell;
Like ‡ *Jambres* is monky of miracle.
Theſe are the times in which he muſt com-
Being to the *Plague* a very *peſtilence*. (mence,
This is our totter'ring *three-leg'd* ſtool we've
(found
For fine device to tumble on the ground.
Upon *theſe three* we lean our painful heads,
As in a *Jeſuites* chamber with three beds.
Here *young and handſome maids* fearleſs
(to fall,
Keep in the ſtreet great diſtance from the wall.
Walk in the midſt the way alone, as though
They might *conceive* if any *near* them go:
As if they in great danger were to get
For plague, great belly by the men they met.
A long ſtreets length *blind man* may walk in
And not a louſe give any touches him. (dream,

† 2 Tim. 2. 17.
‡ Exod. 7. 11, 2 Tim. 3. 8.

Each

Each *Change*, now chang'd, faſt barri-
(cado'd is,
As *Janus Temple* in the times of peace.
Their ſlanting gallantries hide all their heads,
As when gay flowers ſink into their beds.
As when an old mans feet in froſty weather,
To make neſt warm, lie crumpled up together.
Where we had *Pater noſter* in our way,
We ſighing now, *Ora pro nobis* ſay.
Many not broke by trade, but break-
(ing that
For change of life in far more honour'd ſtate;
Knowing the great advantage by't, before
They die, deſire their *Will* hang out at door:
Gift door with *propheſie*, how it may teach
Others the *dying diſcipline* they preach.
Perſwade more after them, that they may finde
They've little reaſon long to ſtay behinde:
Invite them there to dwell, and ſo become
The *firſt* door to their *ſempiternal* home.
When *one* dies in an houſe, the *reſt* they get
Abroad, and then the *grave* is to be *let*.
None count it ſtrange that money ſhould be
(given
For *paſſage* makes the neareſt way to *heaven*.
Thoſe *well* have liv'd, and ſo are *fit* to die,
Atropus there can teach her myſtery.
They help and do her ſervice in the place.
For *many hands make work go on apace*.

But patch and paint do'nt alwayes joyn, nor
All faces in *disgrace* for mark of *scar*. (are
House neither goods nor master wants: for he
Secures his *venter* by a policy:
Rules it by *polizo*, script, *twine* or *clue*,
Can easily his *labyrinth* undoe.
It onely serves as ticket to the master,
To go to raise his faith in change of pasture:
Intreats house may not be by any thought
Upon account of *chance* or *time* in fault.
'Tis ornamental-frize that by its place,
Insinuates the *prayer's* turn'd to *grace*:
Imboldens fear. And none the Tenant will
Blame, house secures t' himself by bond or bill.
'Tis to be let, as *Isabella* is,
When wife to *Tristram*, by *antiphrasis*.
'Tis to be let, i. e. be let *alone*
To tenant, ha's ear-markt it for his own.

A *Souldier* stands at many doors with
As if black *Pluto* had his palace there. (spear,
Or that the souldier must his weapons carry,
Being deaths *life-guard* and *stipendiary*.
As though with our *profession* we would vaunt
We *members* are of the *Church militant*.
Halberts and spears stand watching there
(alone,
While *guard* as fear'd with their own *arms* are
(gone.
They seem *Dodona's grove*, to speak a law,
Like *Oracle* to force one to withdraw.

Not

Not that any deſign'd with him to fight ;
But as if *maſter* of thoſe arms were *ſprights*.
Think of the watchmans ſervice, and he ſhows
But as a *man of clouts* to fright the *crows*.
Like *gazing perſon in the market*, who
Sits kicking heels, and nothing ha's to doe.
What cares he if his *porch* and *fort* you take,
When plaguey *victor champion's* at his back ?
But he, *ſay we ſuppoſe him ſtrong and ſtout*,
Keeps not the ſick within, though others out.
As if ſick perſons ſwell'd t' a *mighty* ſtate,
To let them out, he's *porter* at the gate :
Thinks it hard nature to withhold thoſe, who
Would of the world but *take leave* e're they go.
So up and down among the reſt they crowd,
Now in then out, as ſun that's under cloud :
To earth perſwade us with touch, ſigh and (groan,
As if 't were *mortal ſin* to die alone.
Swarming like bees on ev'ry herb they fall,
Not to get *honey*, but diſperſe their *gall* :
Eſteem it light where ever they reſort,
If they revive *Joab* and *Abners* ſport.
As in a dance where many go *the round*,
One falling pulls down others to the ground.
Coaches and Carts (our *plague* in *health*) (we are
Free from, as if the ſtones they muſt not wear.
And theſe as clean from uſe are kept, as though
Ev'ry day were to be the *Lord Majors ſhow*.

The coaches left, scare us to see them come
In *mourning* towards us like gaping tomb.
So sorrowful a spectacle to one
They seem, as *body* when the *soul* is gone.
They look as if they penitently mourn'd,
Because they had their *masters* overturn'd:
For sake of business, pastime, friend or wife,
Carried him quite beyond the *stage of life.*
As if not *ghost* (as is the common talk)
But, when a man is dead, his *house* must walk.
So sadly do they look and mope about,
As if *pleasure* were turn'd the *inside out.*
Those open shops sell any ware or stuff
In *Cheapside*, now do make it *dear* enough.
They're very few; and that there may be mad
Good bargain, you'l scarce find two of a trad
Most nail'd and lockt up are, and seem to you
Like picture buildings can't be lookt into:
Presents seal'd up and ready to be sent (rent
Where e're their *Landlords* are to take thei
One gazing on them easily believes,
Whole e're they be, they're very fit for thieve
Stranger might think all the week long we kee
Some solemn feast, as *Holy-day of sleep.*
That all the *day* we lockt up *night*, and lackt
Nothing to know 'twas *noon* but to be wake
Did *Cesar* now enter our *City* gate, (a chea
His prize would make him think h' had found
Doubtless he'd loose it all, and in derision
Go out agen for want of opposition.

Our *Cash-bank*'s dry, so little is there in't,
That parts abroad bring *money* to our *mint*.
Our *treasury* and glutted souls delight
Devour'd such wealth, now craves the *Widows* (*mite*.
As if like * *corn sacks* of the *fathers*: so we
Had fast when dead, in our *mouths* all our (*money*.
As if t' appease the *manes*, with the dead
All his whole substance too were buried:
Or for the last abuse of worldly store,
As if the *rich* did *die* to *starve* the *poor*.
So fast we die, so poor live, that what's sent
To feed us, on our burials is spent.
Our gaudy robes can make no better brags,
Then from each shire to be supply'd with rags.
Nature's inverted. For this place, the heart
Should feed, is fed by ev'ry other part.
Unless you'l say the waters from the *Main*
To *rivers* run, do but refund again.
But so our *Ocean* does the rivers need,
That most of us seem of true beggars breed.
Strangers for alms we thankfully do greet
Abroad, and here beg of the next we meet.
Beggar hunts *benefactor*: yet no worse
He'd handle him then meerly take his purse.
I have been sick these thirteen dayes, *sayes one*,
And now, like *bird* from *nest* am newly flown.

* Gen. 42 35.

Good Sir, *another cries*, have pity on me:
For I, *God wot*, have five *plague-sores* upon me.
Thus *benefactor* fear'd dares make no stay,
So *Charity* with *Justice* flyes away.
Two dayes and nights fires in our streets
(did burn
To light th' *infectious spirits* to their urn.
Three dayes by order they should have been
(there:
But to be out of pain of life and fear,
Like niggards who to their last end arrive,
We would not be at so much charge to live.
The fires were after president of such
Old grandsires, knew what fire was by the
(touch
But the Plague being in our flagitious lives,
And as the *creature that in fire survives*;
God with our sacrifice would not be pleas'd
The *physick* e're should touch the *part diseas'd*.
By night and day the dead walk ev'n
(where
As if the *day of doom* drew very near.
Dis shows us his *black princes* in the dead,
Being more tall then others by the head.
As they are softly carried on their way,
Death seems to make triumphant *holy-day*.
Many attend them to the graves, are taught
How to come there next day; so then are
(brought

As if *ſins puniſhment* with *ſin* did meet,
To be alike infectious and ſweet.
Thus, as ſuch in their duty are well read,
We do but *let the* † *dead bury the dead.*
The doleful Pariſh-bell all night and day
Beating, as *pulſe*, its ſickneſs does *betray.*
Mortality all ſermons does contain.
As ev'ry ſilver *fountain* courts the *Main.*
All divine rayes are center'd in this text;
As amply round us ſpreads as heavens convex.
T'illuſtrate *holy Scripture* well, his breath
Beſt *does it to the life*, beſt *ſets forth death.*
The *Goſpels* full ſumme and epitomy,
To prove life's warfare is *Prepare to die.*
In this *the graves great jubile*, we chooſe
No place but *Church-yard* for our rendeſvouze.
We need not, when our life begins to fail,
Fall ſtraight to dig our graves *with tooth and nail*;
Nor ſtay till we are by ſome long diſeaſe
Conſum'd: we may in *grave* walk when we pleaſe.
Who goes from ſtreet to ſtreet in *City*, roams,
Like the *poſſeſſed man among the tombs.*
No ſubtle wit th' *infernal God* betrayes,
Whoſe palace gate lies open nights and dayes.
His meskites porch opens to all that come;
To ſtay and be prepar'd to hear their doom,

† *Non eſt vivere ſed valere vita.*

There we receive the vapour and the steam
Of those we lost before; so follow them.
Graves mouths gape wide along our way, to
(force
At least, invite us to our lives *last course*.
And that a *lonely* place may not displease,
They've room to welcome many *families*.
Though we before our *exit* from the womb
Lay there *alone*, we're *crowded* in the tomb:
Wisely they leave graves open to the dead,
'Cause some too early there are *brought to bed*.
Those there we thought bid us their *last adieu*,
Before they can *repent*, are *born anew*.
They waking speak, thinking they may be
(bold
Wanting their clothes, to say *they are a cold*.
One out of trance return'd, after much strife
Among a troup of *dead*, exclaims for *life*.
One finding himself as some *maid*, hard lace't,
Or as a *watch* for pocket, straitly case't,
Equally terrifi'd with *pain* and *fear*,
Complains to those can neither speak nor hear.
One having broke his elbows, heels and toes
Continues on the *alarum* with his nose.
Another he instead of lice and fleas,
Feeling himself worse pincht in *little ease*;
Dejected with arms hanging, whines a ditty,
Like prisoner goes to suffer, *Psalm of pity*:
Having with cold and speaking lost his throat,
Makes noise as bird that sings his *rural note*.

One

One too too weak to raiſe his aking head,
Throws off the *ſheet* when friends have ſold (his *bed.*
Another not being us'd to *ſilent life,*
Calls daughter *Doll,* maid *Sue,* and *Kate* his (wife.
At laſt they come and gape to what is ſaid:
Like unlearn'd clowns that hear a letter read.
They cry for help, as if they had diſgrace
By lying there, or did not like their place.
They ſeem as favours to the world agen
Sent, to convert their * ſinful brethren.
We fear no *grave* (if we may, *dying*) for (though
Buried *to day,* we may ariſe *to morrow.*
The day of judgement can be no ſurprize.
For graves gape wide, and the ſepulchred riſe.
By grinning heads that are before us (hurl'd
From thence, we're ſcorn'd and flouted from (the world.
Death ſhews us not his teeth to ſcare, but kill;
As morglayes bare'd to execute his Will.
Theſe when our plotting heads would work (our pride
To great deſigns, our policy deride.
When we laugh much, our fellow *ſceleton*
Shews us our ſides we hold, from bone to bone.

* Luke 16. 28.

When the world makes us ſigh, lament & cry,
Memento mori's alwayes in our eye.
The *Stygian lake* receives agen new birth,
And makes profound eruptions from the earth.
Brimſtone *Veſuvius* and *Ætna* have
Vaſte † *Gaetanean* channels in each grave.
Heaven rains down ſcorpions, while the *earth*
To ſtifle us with deletery fumes. (preſumes
We cannot quench or cool that flaming breath
The air ſwells up our lungs with, but by death.
In our choice drink we do the *Lethe* taſte,
And our dear bread is made of arſnick paſte.
The fleſh we eat gives us with ſtrength but
(power
To feed thoſe greedy wolves our hearts devour.
We're as *Ægyſtus* ſons; or ſuch croſs gueſt
Found in the *wilderneſs* a dying feaſt.
We ſtew, bake, boil, with ſuch ſucceſs to follow
To thoſe that eat, as when there's * *mors in olla.*
Warm veſt, like robe of *Hercules* was wet
In *Neſſus* blood, procures deaths icie ſweat.
Each thing *Paul* ſaid was † lawful, though not
Now's ſo forbid, we dye by touching it. (fit;
Letter of friend *long life* and *perfect health*
Gives us in wiſh, takes both away by ſtealth.

---

† *Gaëta*, a great gaping mountain between *Rome* and *Naples*, ſuppoſed to be cleft aſſunder by an earthquake.

* 2 Kings 4. 40.

† 1 Cor. 10. 23.

Though

Though 't bring us gold as *Palamede's*, each (groat
Is for the carriage paid to *Charons* boat.
It treason shows, and payes us our *last meed*,
While sadly we our *condemnation* read.
We finde by this exitial surprize,
The *whole Creation's* turn'd our enemies.
And to speak our condition at the best,
Our *City's* meerly but great *house of Pest.*
To seem, though foes to all, t' our selves good (friends,
(*Holding* all day *our noses by the ends*)
Some mixed drugs or herbs together bound
We smell: as if we stank above the ground.
Our rooms with sulphure fumes are smoke't (and air'd,
As if for *Purgatory* we prepar'd.
Our life, of which we can be sure of no where,
So *passive* is, we do not *act* but *suffer*.
We who are not permitted yet to die,
Seem left as *dregs* meerly to *putrefie*.
As *broken hose* one by misfortune rends,
At ev'ry touch ready to run to *ends*.
As *tainted eggs* the parent birds will not
Brood longer on: so *addle* we and *rot*.
We who of late prais'd *heaven* for victories,
Now beg our lives to conquer *that* with cries.
After our joy, tears, sighs, and prayers, these
Make us concern'd to write upon our knees.

For-

Forelorn and wretched we who now remain,
Suddenly are as exuls, caught and ſlain.
Our lethal curſe making our friends afear'd;
Like wounded deer we're horn'd off from the (heard.
God leaves us too. *Hell* falls from *heaven*, while (thus
The *Devil* rains his *kingdom* upon us.
Sad caſe, could any fitly make appear,
No humane *judge* were great enough to hear.
And ten to one who thus employ their (breath,
Like *ſwans* they do but *ſing before their* (*death.*

Tali ſpiramine Neſis
Emittit ſtygium nebuloſis aëra ſaxis
Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.
Lucan. l. 6.

Βασιλείων ἕκτον.

OR, THE

ANATOMY

OF THE

Peſtilence,

Part 2.

THat flame *Prometheus* image did inſpire.
Upward, from whence it came, ſtill ſends (its ſpire:
To *heaven*, where th' *Intellect* feaſting its wiſh,
Findes at the board uncover'd ev'ry diſh.
No *aporetick qualm* nor *taper light*
Sconvolge its *taſte* nor tantalize its *ſight*.
But to the eye each thing more lucid ſeems,
Then if the *ſun* lent it his feaſting beams.

The

The hungry palate findes its full content,
Not more by pleaſure than by nutriment.
Mans noble *ſoul* can never be confin'd
To any lower region than his minde.
Judgement his other faculties would call
Together for due tribute from them all:
In ev'ry object of his ſenſe and eye
View with *meridian* light the *what* and *why*.
Till then, if he be *melancholly*, ſhows
Like one wears legaſie of mourning clothes;
And if diſpos'd to *mirth*, appears to be
Like one with others laughs for company.
He's as unſatisfi'd as when dry bone
Is brought to whetted teeth to nabble on.
As if were ſet a *vaulting horſe* or *ſtile*,
To carry *traveller* two hundred mile.
Here, then, *diſeaſe* we'l meddle with as much
As that permits, ſo dangerous to touch.
What Plague is we will ſearch in ev'ry nook,
As far as one can into mill-ſtone look.
And when w' have ſeen whence *Natures* ſove-
reign laws
Findes this *rebellious*, lay down *the Cauſe*.
Some think a muſſled hand may well re-
ſtrain
Plague's power, though't does like *tyrant bram-*
ble reign.
And if in haſte, to make a graceleſs feaſt,
It greedily feeds upon man and beaſt:

Yet

Yet ſince it is under heavens cope conſign'd
To mortals; therefore look it be *deſin'd.*
One ventering at it once, like *witch* about
He ſearches for each *poiſ'nous herb* and *root.*
Whatever of *veneſick* force may ſeem
To make him call it *Feaveriſh extream.*
Which ſaid, he ſees a number *go to pot,*
Felt but *lukewarm*: ſo neither cold nor hot.
No thirſt there, no heat ſymptoms, naught to (call
Feaveriſh pulſe, unleſs their ſudden fall.
In others *plague-ſtruck* findes ſtrong drink and (meat
Befriend their ſpirits, & his judgement cheat.
Then he concludes he beſt may ſet it out,
As *to go home, the fartheſt way about*;
And ſince plague is ſo perillous to touch,
That he ſhould keep off from it very much:
Or like one *ſitting leveret* hath found;
He ought for *fear* to keep a compaſs round.
So he as one at noon had loſt the ſight
Of *Hecate,* points at her in the night.
As who a *punctum* could not ſee, or hair
With arrow hit, *at rovers ſhoots* in th' air.
He ſayes 'tis bodies wrack, hearts vulture pain,
Bane to the blood, confuſion to the brain.
Not leproſie, nor ſcurvy, itch nor pox,
But ſuch a thing ſcap't from *Pandora's* box.
Such is his ſenſe. (For *ſome hold* 'tis diſpraiſe
And wrong to *Author* to purloin his phraſe)

'Tis

'Tis *Edens* curſed fruit, we may believe,
Such as we cannot throughly know and live.
So that one who the *judgement* will not bribe
With *doubts* and *ſcruples*, onely muſt deſcribe.
Plague baniſht is out of *predicament*;
Subſtance ſubjected to the *accident*.
Accident that no *ſubſtance* eye can ſee,
Gives any kinde of hoſpitality.
A *ſeed* its firſt riſe takes from *naught*, and when
Without ingreſs 'tis enter'd into men,
Layes field of blood; & from one common root
Of death, a thouſand deaths makes quickly ſprout.
'Tis *fury*'s imp, who left to yell & rave
Without a nurſe in black *Tartarean* cave,
Meduſa newly brought to bed, oppreſt
With pain, apply'd to draw her ulcer'd breaſt.
'Tis brat from cruel *Libitines* curſt womb,
And fed for milk with *Cerberus*'s ſpume.
'Tis monſter which as well to kill as ſcare,
Hath eye of *Baſiliſk* and *Gorgons* hair,
Forehead of *Tigre*, and its Bats cheek ſhows
For beauty, *gods-mark*, *botch*, and *burning roſe*.
Suppoſe *Clotho* takes mud from *Flegeton*
And *Cocitus*, live-locks from *Tiſiphon*, (chops,
And when *Hells three-head maſtive* opes his
To vent his fury, ſaves the yeſty drops,
Diſtills all theſe; then lets the *ſpirits* flye,
To act at will their *magick* in the skie.

Husbandmen ſay that many noxious weeds
Have different grounds, and ſeveral ſorts of
ſeeds. For

For those of *Plague*, we ought, where you'd (*refuse*,
To give you *choice*, that you may pick & chuse.
So for their lot none grudge they should us (thank,
Steeming the *prize* to be the veriest *blank*.
Those who unseasonably will repose,
Or else too long, may sleep without their clothes.
They offer but fit sacrifice to move
Great God of rest, dire death t' enjoy their love.
Who contrary to rule of reason watch, (catch.
Watch not for good but harm, so harm they
Nature forsakes those that her laws forsook,
Whom *time* they'd not obey, blots out his book.
Some cold or other grievance they dispence,
Holds correspondence with the Pestilence.
Unrul'd rage, as link lighted, is presum'd
Ne're to be quencht till all the week's consum'd.
Revenge, *spite*, *hatred*, *malice*, these are fed
With vital blood of heart in which they're bred.
Greedy desires, chiefly within contest,
And are as vulture to the parent breast.
Whatever *by pretences* they would have,
They *truly* scrape for nothing but a grave.
Fear joyns with ev'ry spie that would betray,
And as the bribe of mischief, opes it way.
Some who have known good feeder, (far, and seen
Others for want of meat and drink grow lean,

Say

Say *if a man do fall on heedleſly*
All ſorts of meat, he'l ſwell like toad and die.
And *if he'l nothing elſe but drink* and drink,
Like vap'ring leaking ſhip, at laſt he'l ſink.
And *if he food will obſtinately lack*,
Then like a tun ſtands empty long, he'l crack.
For nothing to mans delicate fine taſte,
Can be ſo plaguey nocent as to faſt.
Seaſon and meaſure which make all things good
Confer the wholeſome energy to food.
Who eating ſlights theſe, backward eats & puts
A meer infectious dunghill in his guts.
Plague ſoon ſubverts the crapulent, becauſe
It findes its *Cateſbe* faction in their maws.
Who for a *dead year* thus deceiv'd, provide;
Forfeit their ſtore and houſe of ſtore beſide.
Who heedleſs ev'ry where for air will ſeek,
May as a bladder draw it in to break.
Air's ſaid to *kill* as well as *animate*: (pate.
As hand hath power to *ſtrike* and *ſtroke* the
If any thorow *burning-glaſs* deſires (fires.
Sols *chearing beams*, he findes them *ſcorching*
In heat that pleaſant *Aura* makes you *laugh*,
When *Guiny pepper's* in't, will make you *cough*.
Arm's made for help; but furniſht with a ſword,
Can then take vengeance for bad act or word.
The *ſnow* that *cools* ſo kindely, when it hath
Been heated well, may make a *ſcalding* bath.
And *ſpring* that ſhows youth *flouriſhing* & *fair*,
With rimes and fogs will make him *hoary* hair.

So

So when inhumane Victor is possest
(breast,
Of that fair Camp spreads th' *air's* benign
No otherwise she can effect our harms,
But as one *must*, compell'd by force of arms:
By *luckless accident*; as when we say,
Kinde mother does her infant overlay.
Avicen, *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
May of the open air say what they please:
That this that's stinted and abridg'd to no
(man,
But's each ones own as *properly* as *common*,
Should be assign'd that evil's pasture-ground,
So wandring is, no *sex* or *age* can pound.
Sober *herd* well may dance o're hedge and rail,
When *astrum* playes musician in her tail.
Renown'd *Peripatetick Prince*, whose back
Could stoutly bear the *globe* and never crack,
Would ne're allow the *air* to putrefie,
That kindely spread his learned *axioms* skie.
That is, the *air* as it does first derive,
As unmixt *wax* or *honey* from the hive.
When with its *fellow peers* its free consent
And power it hath to vote in Parliament:
In its *pure Naturals*, as *Eve* e're she
A sheeps-eye cast at *Adam* or the *tree*.
Or else that *air* feeds high its own desire
With zealous courtship from the *sphere of fire*:
Neighbors so near it, that no fumes dare move
As *rivals*, to corrupt its *virgin* love.

No fear of earths aſſault. *Vapors* as ſoon
May thither reach, as *babes cry* wake the *moon.*
But *air*, when under *vapors* tyranny,
She wants her *ſplendid boundleſs* regency,
Purulent efflux qualities then claim
Right to pollute the *chaſte illuſtrious* dame.
As when one comes from fair, large gallery,
Where dripping-pans, pots, cook & ſcullion be
Is grim'd and ſmutcht ſo ſtrangely, one migh
(ſwea
Maſkt beauty for the *coles* or *aſhes* heir.
Air in its lower province, *province* findes
Hard task t' employ laborious deſigns.
How many outrages it ſuffers, we
By *dull* ſuns beams it lends us, *clearly* ſee:
When *fetent maſſes* tomb themſelves in t
(air
To ſend out their deaths meſſage ev'ry where
When Plague with *filth* fed high in poor t
(gu
And its own pride no longer can endure,
From vile reſtraint out of ſome hole does tea
Its way, and builds vaſte *caſtles in the air*:
When cloudy *Juno*'s plague ſeed doe diſperſe
To pregnant air, that breeds it by commerce
When oſcitant *earth* too will not be ſaid,
To ſtand between the *living* and the *dead.*
But the unburied *carkaſſes* can lie
And { *wreake* / *reeke* } revenge through air on t
enemy. Th

Thus is the gentle *air* in ev'ry coaſt
Harraſs'd, peſter'd and made *deaths* hackney (poſt.
Idleneſs breeds Plague too. And who (wo'nt ſtrive
To be of uſe, what ſhould they do alive?
When *mettle's* ne're employ'd, we look it muſt
Be fruitful, when in nothing elſe, in *ruſt*.
Sloth *ho-goos* fleſh alive, and's onely good
To bring the odious *muſſo* in our blood.
Other *Plague fires* this does maintain & cover,
As onion peels one wrapt within another.
Hence in the veins crowds a rebellious maſs
Of *humours* ſpirits ſtop at ev'ry paſs;
That they may have their treacherous intent,
To work the body to an excrement.
Which at laſt, while they vig'rouſly conſpire,
Like heap of muck, ſets its own ſelf on fire.
Weemen *incint* or *gravid* in the plague,
Then ſeldom that they waſte in bigneſs brag.
For oft their bloods dregs long being kept (within,
Tempt the diſeaſe to be their *damerin*.
If * *mans ſeed* make worſe poiſon then the pox,
Humors make peſt without a paradox.
Wemens *menſes* infect glaſs, green plants dry,
And bounteous are of leaprous charity.

---

* *Mercur. lib. 2. de venen. c. 14.*

Galen asserts, as ev'ry one may † read,
That *mad man* doing out of mouth his need,
Exquisite poison cast, that made a *Turk*,
To murther one he hated, *play the shirk*.
Such perfect bane his humors were, he cou'd
Not longer keep them from the *common good*.
Infectious humors that for death contest,
Title themselves the partisans to pest.
Thus judge of all those things Physician calls
(For being abus'd, likes foes) *non-naturals*.
Plague's made by motes to tyrannize
(i'th' air.
Zephirus is how they should come there.
'Tis doubtfully disputed where they dwell:
Whether in *Earth* or *Water*, *Heaven* or *Hell*.
One may believe they're *epidemical*;
So tempting him to sacrifice to *all*.
Plague, as 'tis *plague*, must be concluded *evil*:
So fit to be a *present* from the *Devil*.
Who rebels lists and leads, after the fray,
To gratifie their labours, gives them pay.
Job serv'd not God for naught, said one, did try
And *scripture* know better then you or I:
And (for the *Devils honour*) do you think,
He'll let his *faithful servants* want their chink?
He though he father *lies*; yet will and must
For his powers sake, to *his* be *true* and *just*.
He'd have but cold fires in his smoaky Cell,
If he did not reward his *Cyclops* well.

† *In Epid. sect. 5.*

He's

He'd be but *petty Prince*, and well might paſs
For one the *World* might *play into an Aſs*;
If when he can *command*, then *laughs* and *ſleers*,
As curre that wags his tail and ſlacks his ears:
Will court them with all ſort of flattery;
As *ſpirits* do that cog men over ſea:
When he had rul'd them many years, at length
Will then be rid as beaſt not knows his (ſtrength.

After his long ammaliating charms,
When th' enemy at laſt *layes down his arms*,
That then to ſeaſe on them he will not dare,
May doe't as eaſily as *move the air*.
Though to his *Prince* he cannot be devout,
Gets in his favour, putting others out,
Lord Paramont whoſe laws he will not keep,
Uſes him for corrector as his whip.
Under *Gods* rule who will not be ſo civil
To bow to him, doe homage to the *Devil*.
Th' *Almighty*, where his government we ſlight,
Aſſigns th' *Abiſſe's potentate* his right.

Our *Mother Earth* ſome reckon ſuch (a ſlat,
As *pudding* makes, and never waſhes *gut*:
Eats carrion and digeſts not, then at laſt
Belches and blows us backward with the blaſt.
Her *freaks* and *fits* I ſhould not tell you of,
But to procure your *pitty*, not your *ſcoff*.
For when we are forſook of all our kin,
Want *friends* and *harbour* too, ſhe'l *take us in*.

When in the worſt condition *diſgrace*
Or *woe* can put us, gives us kinde *embrace*.
But truly ſhe does *ſometimes* much provoke us,
Giving us *food* is onely fit to *choke* us.
Our *diet's* her *allowance*: Yet before
Belly's half full, we ne're can ſwallow more,
So Cimbick like ſhe will her fare disburſe,
That we no better are then *ſtarv'd at nurſe*.
Then will ſhe as *great belly'd woman* luſt
To burſt her *craſie* panch with *coles* and *duſt*.
Mean while as ſheep in winter loſt, that crowd
Under deep ſnow, graſs roots are all our food,
Or elſe as † *Alexanders* men, each ſharks
Such plunder for his guts as herbs and barks.
To lie in ambuſh for our ſelves, we creep
Under green boughs, eat them then die like
Sometimes her very *petereaus* prevail (ſheep.
T' immerge us by renverſing of our ſail.
Her *breath's* ſo ſtrong that it will trip up all
Elephants feet, and give a *poſt* a fall.
Ex. gra. as in * *grotto del cane*, that
Stops noſe of dog, and blindes the eyes of cat.
Who ſtoops down low, as to ſalute the ground,
Rev'rence with *adoration* muſt confound.
There's nothing to be ſeen at all no more,
Then when the *Fairies* dance about the floor.
Yet Baſilisk *Earths ſteam*, in that dark Cell,
Strikes preſent death not by the *ſight* but *ſmell*.

† *Plut. in Alex.*
* A Cave near *Naples*.

She'l

She'l have a *Caſon*; then be after this
As cold as *Charity* in *famine* is.
Each joynt will ſhake, as if ſhe gave advice
To have her *bones* converted into *dice*.
Then, as if ſhe could not her dyſcraſie
Diſcover by her *touch* as well as *eye*:
Like one who beſt his own *infirmities*
In *faulty mirrour* of another ſees:
For this or elſe ſome reaſon *God knows*, we
Muſt languiſh and be ſick as ill as ſhe.
Her *ſighs* muſt be our *harpes*, and her *groans*
To *Nature* pay the *purchaſe* of our *bones*.
A cruel diabolical intent
May well be wrought by *weakeſt inſtrument*.
Needle can ſlyly *murther*, and we know
The *ſmalleſt* twig will ſtrike the *ſmarteſt* blow.
Woman firſt curſt the earth; which by the skill
Of ſome *Medea*, may be curſed ſtill.
Furies are *females*; and who *Furies* made,
Gave them their *whips* to labour in their *trade*.
Not to defraud the *Devil* of his *right*,
The *King of miſchiefs* agents have his *might*.
Records will tell you *Plague's* an *helliſh* itch,
That firſt attacks a *ſorcerer* or *witch*.
No matter *in what manner* they receive it,
Whether as *pain* or *pleaſure*, ſo they give it.
And if *they* ca'nt ſowe th' *enemies tares* well,
Ne're hope to finde one *labourer* in *hell*.
Some who by others cenſur'd are as nice
As thoſe a fall or cl ibe make dread the ice,

Or as those think all *muck* and *dirt* profane,
Because they've toild with it and lost their (pain,
Do (as *Physicians*, who by *scent* and *show*
Of ordure, *Natures Crisis* judge and know)
Opinionate such *filthy stuff* may breed
Plague, as plumb-broth break teeth of those (that feed.
Hence in a plague time *Scavingers great trouble*
Brings *Scutcheon* on his grave with *cart* and (*shovel*.
At least by double charge and daily strife
With *coach* and *cart*, he's weary of his life:
Sleeps in his clothes all night, and on his feet
Eats *dinner*, if not *breakfast*, in the street.
Chambermaid too toiling with *clout* and *broom*,
Oft *rids* and *sweeps* her self into her *tomb*.
At least scarce having time to dress her head,
And make her fine, she thinks her self half (dead.
Looses her *love* by *false* and *shining* face,
As if it mockt him with her *looking glass*.
He slighting leaves her, being all dirt & grease,
And courts the *cook maid* as the choicer piece.
Who wo'nt subscribe *this tenent*, may surmise,
'Tis 'cause he holds his nose and shuts his eyes.
The *jakes*, the *putrid place or thing* dispence
A loathsome fume that suffocates his sense.
If he hath staid long o're the *Harpies land*,
Or *Charons ditches*, we may take his hand.

Thi-

Philangia, scorpions and that *Deaths spie*,
Who makes a prey of mortals with his eye,
With the rest of like poisn'nous viper brood
They get, prove how they qualifie the blood.
But who will proof require, when one ca'nt (stay
On such a subject but must turn away?

In *Adams dayes*, though *curse* did *earth* (infest:
Yet till the *Flood* we never read of *Pest*.
Of all plagues *causes* well may *that* be *worst*,
God us'd t' expresse his indignation *first*.
As if the *passion of his heart* did rise
So high to force an *Ocean* from his eyes.
With *water* which for those *new born* we save
In *font*, we but baptize them to the *grave*.
What e're be *fair kinde* countenance of *water*,
Within 'tis *lurid sanglant* house of slaughter.
'Tis womb of foul *corruption*, or rather
Mother conceives that brat without a *father*.
Hence 'tis that *children*, *women*, and such folk
Make from their *fat* bulks colosses of smoke,
Are frequent victims to the Plague, because
Condemn'd before by † *Aristotles* laws. (on,
For this ic is that where plague takes its stati-
Not *moist* but *drying* meats are all in fashion.
Leaks, *onions*, *garlik* we're to feed on then,
As if brought in *Egyptian bonds* again.

† *Arist. 4 meteor. c 1.*

We

We are commanded not to make a dish
Of any *fowl* may be ally'd to *fish.*
We're bid with other dry woods *burn the witch,*
The *Rosemary and Bayes* to save our breech.
Bathe, drowse bed and *fudling booth,* all these
Are *tenements* of pestilent disease.
They have *foundation* in the *wet,* are such
As *Conduits* water yield to plants *too much.*
This evils *root* and *linage-tree* hath spread
To murther more then e're *first woman* bred.
We onely say in *praise* of its desert,
'Thas found out *means* to make us die *by art.*
So long as men have *bodies,* this will be
Physicians *greatest friend and enemy.*
Their *basis* who advance their *main* design
To *th' highest pitch* when they doe *undermine*
It by its wilely tamp'ring with the blood,
For each disease makes *birdlime* very good.
Were't not for *this,* we'd wonders act, out-live
The world, and *carry water in a sieve.*
The *courteous* and the *careless* both delight:
As well catch fish *swim by* as those that *bite.*

Some *Epicureans* averse to *Plato,*
As much as ever *school-boy* was to *Cato,*
Having by much study new mode and way
Learn'd how to celebrate th' *Opalia,*
Dogmatize thus, that as on *earth* they finde
Each *creature:* so the *World* too in its kinde.
Not as if one should reckon by the score
Fat weathers, runts, or hogs; but many more.

For

For (not to matter th' ingenuity
Of those by whom they're call'd * *Moroniæ*)
In th' *universe* that hath so vaste a breast,
No pourprise can suffice to make a vest,
The *little flying bodies* there that use,
In ev'ry vacant space to rendezvouse,
In several troups agree to lay their lumber
Apart, and so make *worlds* that none can num-
Now as all *earthly beings* when for prey, (ber.
Their youth and strength yields to them time,
(decay.
So when all-powerful *Nature* does untie
The frame of any of their souls, they die.
As *bird* eats *bird*, *beast* murthers *beast*, and *pike*
Makes meal of *jack*, and so devours its like.
As *Butchers* whetting mettle wears his *knife*,
And *husband* dies at pleasure of his *wife*.
As *scaby* sheep the *neighb'ring* sheep may harm,
And perisht *side* corrupt th' appendant *arm*.
So one *world* makes another *world* its prize,
That swallow'd in its putrid garbage lies.
'Tis for its woful destiny involv'd
In that by which its *fellow* is dissolv'd:
Feels fatal shafts, as when the *Parthians* take
Leave of the field, and shoot behind their back.
As when some great *pernicious* flame goes
(out,
And sends its *stifling* vapours all about.

* *Terræ stultorum, v. mundus alter. Mercur Britannico.*

Mil-

Millions of *ſubtle ſcouts* carry ſad fate
To ev'ry place, and pore they penetrate.
This is believ'd by *divers* ne're could hear,
How *many* they ſhould judge the *wiſemen* (were.
They'l ne're diſſent, that they may none diſ- (pleaſe.
Like ſuch *good ſubjects* will not *break the peace.*
We alſo may let *this opinion go,*
As one may paſſenger *he does not know.*
Peſt as one guilty ca'nt enormious fact
Conceal, declares 'tis gotten by *contact.*
'Tis call'd *contagion,* as what blatant *Fame*
Ca'nt make *traliniate* from its kinde in name.
Hence one man from another runs away,
As if he were wilde beaſt of *Lybia.*
As mens embraceſs were the treaceries
Of *Centaurs* or *Mezentian* carkaſſes.
Peſt in its ſphere does ſeem to govern, move,
Act and ingender as *Platonick love.*
As when fair buxome *wanton* ſubt'ly tries
To work *Arachnes ſampler* with her eyes:
Darts little ſpirits that are *rayes viſive,*
If *Fracaſtorian authors* we'l believe.
If you with *Cardan* call them *exhalations,*
To gazers eyes they're ſent to carry *faſhions.*
From thence they work farther and farther in,
Till they have made the *heart* their magazine.
As th'eye hath power to generate *amore,*
Diſpence it can contag'ous *malore.*

Its

Its *hairy bow* that is so often bent
With *Cupids shafts*, sends those are pestilent.
Each pupil's lentil, by whose fires and flashes
Our *humane spray* quickly consumes to ashes.
Th'aspect can soon infect; with but a glance
Look one for ever *out of countenance*.
He may be martyr'd in *contagious* fire,
By charming *word* or velenose *suspire*.
Things though inanimate may be possest
With *active* and *Smectymnuus* soul of pest.
Ambrosia that so greedily we seek,
May swallow'd swell our puddings till they (break.
When we are fill'd *with Nectar* to the brink,
Or sail as vessels in the wine we drink,
We're then *drawn off the lees* or *sink*: for (*Bacchus*
May either as *himself* or *Neptune* rack us.
The pest to match our fate or mode, can wear
Tatters or robes, silk, linnen, cloth or hair.
Our Bodies but such coverings sustain
As *gutter-tiles* that help us to the rain.
If Pest be *storm*, they then soke in the wet:
If *fire*, foment and multip'ly the heat.
To take pest ribbon's bramble, skirt stool band
New cut of France, sleeve arm & gamlet hand,
We must accept it for our *garments* sake;
As if for ev'ry purpose made to take.
We're not so proud of *them*, as they of it:
Which they'l keep when we're rotten in the pit.

Thus

Thus proves our *glory* our *diſgrace*: the ſame
Betrayes our *miſery* that *hides* our *ſhame*.
While *Poppey-headed Night* dreams at her eaſe,
Sitting with *Sleep* & *Death* on both her knees,
Some would *Contagion* place between, but that
For want of *wings* it ſeems anothers brat.
All three for kindred well agree with it,
But when't ſhould *flye*, it ſtands on *Saturns* (*feet*.
When one would think 't has ſpent its utmoſt (bane,
Like root alive in earth, its *ſprouts* again.
As *ſpie* that from under the hangings comes,
And takes one *napeing* at his ſugar-plumbs.
Though in its *uſual fits* it teezes folks,
As harneſs heifers newly put to yokes;
Makes them as *vigilant* as ſuch whom *ſpight*
Of *angry* dame makes *tell the clock* all night:
Yet it as *quietly* lies now and then,
As *Rhenald* when he plots ſurprize of *hen*:
Can have a *lethargy* whole years, then drop
Aſleep: as if the *ſcourge* were turn'd to *top*.
Marſilius Fiſinus tells a tale
Of one to whom *Contagion* gave bail:
Lurkt in a *feather* bed three years that lay
Stock ſtill, becauſe the *birds* were flown away.
No talk of *Peſt* in all this time, and bed
Did nothing know but that the *Peſt* was dead.
When *owner* came to uſe the bed h' had bought,
So his *ſpright*, as any would have thought:

Peſt

Peſt wake't, *prov'd the poſſeſſion* for three year,
And turn'd the *Plaintiff* out of *bed* to *bier*.
As well we this may credit as bancheer
Able to ſpend a thouſand pounds a year.
For if bane *long* can ſtay where it does meet
Oppoſing forces from the bodies heat:
Much *longer* well may it continue, where
No dog once opens mouth to bait the bear.
If many (*a*) poiſons given be that need,
A time of *many moneths* to come to ſeed:
If (*b*) mad dogs bite lay *twelve years* as un-
known,
As millers thumb within a marrow-bone.
And if (*c*) ſuch hurt one could not finde till he
Might, *one each year*, have got *Theſpiadæ*.
Why may not ſome where, then, *contagious peſt*,
For many *funs* and *moons*, conſerve its neſt?
And if in ev'ry glaſs, wine daily ſhows
Small *nimble ſparks* cut capers to the noſe,
Such as by meer ſmell can compell the brain
To ape the *gambols* of ſome *giddy* vein:
If *ſmoke* be from the *fire* exhal'd, if *ſteam*
Be lawful offſpring of the fruitful *ſtream*.
If *flowers* and *herbs* do fragrant *odours* ſpread
And with their ſpicy *breath* perfume their bed.

(a) *Theoph. lib. 9 de hiſt plant. c. 16*
(b) *Albert. magn. l. 7 de animal. c. 2.*
(c) *Mercurial. c. 14 de peſt. probl. 2.*

None

None think the *Peſt* can't give her *atome.*
(birth,
That ſhows a womb as open as the *earth.*
But muſt believe the bounteous airy skie,
(*City of refuge* free to all that *flye*;
That *fumes* and *vapours* makes communicable,
Not from the *altar* more then from the *ſtable*)
Gives theſe, as ev'ry other *wandring* drove,
Like full conſent of liberty to *rove.*
That they to all *antigonize* their merit,
Giving the qualities that they inherit.
Thus as to thoſe *twin-brothers* Mars begat,
The *wolf* was parent cauſe ſubordinate.
So to have found a *Lupa* to this *Curſe*:
If not a *Mother*; yet at leaſt a *Nurſe.*

Thoſe that with watchful eyes and
(liſtening ears
Attend the ſilent *muſick of the ſpheares*,
Affirm *our* earths *diſcord* and *harmony*,
Anſwers to *theirs*, and's meerly *ſympathy.*
Our *mirth* and *melancholly* both come down
From great *Celeſtial* bodies *ſmile* and *frown.*
As our hearts *joy* and lifes moſt *ſweet ſolace*,
Are rayes effiux from their *benign grace*:
So *war*, *dearth*, *plague* fall as tempeſtuous rain,
From the *malignant* clouds of their *diſdain.*
Our *ſpindle* in its action muſt ceaſe,
As *they*, the hands governing *fingers*, pleaſe.
Like *roneing loads of clock* to earth we move,
Guided by *them*, our *winding wheels*, above.

To

To ſpeak the power of *ſtars*, what e're does (maſter
Our wiſh with *croſs* ſucceſs, we call *diſaſter*.
Their vertue who denies, with *Dido's* leather,
May binde the *years* four ſeaſons all together.
As not the leaſt of all his vaunts, may ſay
His worthy *beard* is neither *green* nor *gray*:
That *Autumn* ſuits in humour and deſire
With *Spring*, and *Summer* ſits by *Winters* (fire.
The * *heavens* and *firmament* moſt skilful be
In the *Almighties* glittering *herauldry*.
In *hieroglipbick* characters there ſtand
The *fairеſt* printed wonders of his hand.
Well may he *welcome* be to *heaven* who rears
Himſelf up thither by a ſtair of *ſtars*.

To *body* as we *ulcer* finde or *ſhame*
To *reputation*: *Plague* to *ſoul's* the ſame.
'Tis ſuch a *witneſs* proves ſin *capitall*,
And is the *harveſt* ſeaſon to its *fall*.
When from above we've ſuch a fatal touch,
We're taught *we look upon the earth too much*.
When by *him made us* we will not be found:
Our deareſt friends then hide us under ground.
Infallibly they're *Atheiſts* muſt endure
Such viper ſtripes no *humane hand* can cure.
Plague's *Gods* artillery, thunders our fate
With his deſign not to capitulate.

* Pſalm 19.

Storm may ſhow his *diſpleaſure*: but when *fire*
Muſt make that ſtorm, *who* then will doubt (his *ire*?

Other plagues *lightly* follow at his word:
Peſt *not* unleſs his *Angel draw his ſword.*
They're palmers, rods *men* have at their com- (mand
To chaſten with: Plague's *Gods* own heavy (hand:
Celeſtial bow of *wrath* and *vengeance*, when
All-powerful *Lord of hoſt* makes war with men.
'Tis † *Death wages of ſin*, that none pretend
That payes him not by which he hath his (end.

† Levit. 18. 25.

Ἐπιδοίμια ἔπη.

OR, THE

ANATOMY

OF THE

Pestilence,

Part 3.

'Tis not enough when *life* must fade away,
Its *glass* being run, to see old *Time* make (hay:
To stand o're *heart-sick* neighbour as he lies,
And wash his *rancid ulcers* with our eyes:
Behold the *sword* of wrathful *Providence*,
And read his *venger* in the *present tense*.
Tis not enough when *Time* ha's made escape,
To turn our heads and view his naked nape:

To *stare* into *obscure* expanded jaws
Of *Pestilence* to know it in its *cause*.
The *point's* how we should be *hereafter*. Time
Present and *past* should into *future* climb.
Who *Plague*, as *Pox*, deride, will ne're finde it
Cur'd, as *impostume*, by a *laughing* fit.
Wound *prob'd*, laid *wide* and *naked* to the eye,
Can gape for nothing *then* but *Charity*.
E're 'tis apply'd, that it may best redound
T'effect, let plagues *precursors* lance the wound.
" Ev'ls *forewarn'd* we *better* can endure,
" And give a *kinder* welcome to their cure.
When sense will neither heed what's *show'd* or *said*,
No wonder body's destin'd to be dead.
" Who credit not their faithful *eye* nor *ear*,
" Unjustly will recriminate their *fear*.
When *dogs* combine in numerous com-
pany,
And arm themselves to make a mutiny,
They're such *presaging* heraulds make appear,
Plague is to follow *victor* in the *rear*.
And all that time here *Rebels* made an head,
How many *dogs* devour'd the *childrens* bread?
E're *Plague* sets out to visit place, its
mouth
Sends message from the cloudy, rainy *South*.
And in our *wars* what *welkin* did we finde!
As if hot baths sweated the air and winde.
When *Mars* and *Saturn* joyn, they but
contest,
Who shall doe most to introduce the Pest.

And

And *then* the rage of ſword and power of ſpite
Could all things do but ſhare uſurped right.
When *Plague* would ſit in throne, its (*general*
Phrenſie, before prepares the *Capitoll*.
And we ſaw by our *ſtate'mens* lunacy,
Each had as many heads as *Hecate*.
Our fiderated government did wane
After the cheating *moonſhine* of their brain.
† When *Plague*'s deſign'd to ſeaſe a (man, he ſees
Like one who ca'nt *diſtinguiſh men from trees*.
As *Captain* who endeavours to ſurprize
A fort or camp, firſt takes the *ſcouts* and *ſpies*.
And in our *wars* ſuch blindneſs did bewitch
Our *Seers*, as to lead us into ditch. (ſeeing
Owls eagles, ſteeples ſtables ſeem'd. Their
Gave ev'ry object meer *Utopian being*.
Th' had *Idol-eyes*, for ſhow not ſight, and that
Dazled not more by *water* then by *fat*.
Our *brighteſt* and moſt noble part of all,
Vilely converted into *waſhing-ball*.
Direful *prognoſticks* reckon all that are
As our *rebellion*'s areſenall's tools of war.
God ſpares our *thorns* and *briars twenty* (*years*,
Looking they ſhould have fruited *ſighs* and (*tears*.

† *Evagr. l. 4 c. 25.*

And *four* or *five* his clement patience ſtayes,
That we repair our rugged ſilthy wayes.
Since by our daily *factious* diſpute
We'd *turn* and *patch* our *tatter'd* rebel ſuit,
This being all we'd mend; our *botchers trade*
Fails, while he breaks our needle, rots our (thread
No hand but his muſt guerdon our deſert:
All rods but his too weak to make the ſmart.
Cauſe and *diſeaſe* do on another wooe.
Offence malignant: *puniſhment* ſo too.
In this *ſad gloomy* ſtate what *chearing*
Hath *Eaſt* in *ſplendid* boſome to diſplay? (ray
Where ſhall we finde that kinde *Elyſian vale*,
Will *eccho* to us *joy* while we *bewail*?
Can any ſweet *content of heart* diſtill
From conſolatrix *Pithos* ſugar quill?
Will *ſmart* and *rage* of our diſeaſe, disband
At *ſoft* and *gentle* touch of *Muſes* hand?
† *Natalis Comes* makes a *ſtrange* relation
Of many Peſt kill'd by *precipitation*.
Strange power indeed makes *patient* ill at eaſe,
Till to deſtroy himſelf he turn *diſeaſe*.
As thoſe when *Syren* ſings, cannot forbear;
But muſt leap headlongin the mouth they hear.
So they by *Syren charms* of Peſt, being brought
Under ſly tyrant power of *penſive* thought;
Firſt *planet-ſtruck*, their ſenſes looſe and rave.
Then out of *window*, tumble into *grave*.

† 27. Hiſt.

View-

* *Vicentine* doctor, whoſe moſt ample *credit*,
Was lawful heir to his rich learned *merit*,
Seeing th' unnatural *Earth* in time of Peſt,
So greedily on her *own children* feaſt;
Diſdaining *life* and *earth*, both quite forſook
At once, and gave his *body* to a *brook*.
What *enthymem*, or what *dilemma* findes
Place here to melt & couch between two lines?
Or what *Sorites* ſhall we flatter here,
To *ſteal* on us a *placid* change of chear?
Were that great *Sophie* here ne're met miſ-(chance,
But with ſalute of *laughing* † countenance.
Or he whoſe breath dried tears, and did impart
To ev'ry *heavy hearing* ear an(*b*) *heart*.
Where would he get ſuch *vigorous* conceits,
Such *flowrey* words or *ſmiling* figure cheats,
As might have force t' exhale out of our breſt
Stomacho'e apprehenſions of the Peſt?
(*c*) *Vultures* and *ravens*, who do never chaw
The carrions crams they ſeek t' impaſt their (craw;
If ſuch, *appeſted carkaſſes* are ſhie
To touch, but *leave unburied* as they lie:
Alacrity the wonted *lively* gueſt
To *ſprightly* object and *vivacious* breaſt,
What *courteſie* can get it here t' accoſt,
Being *ſpe* ſo *capitol* to *death* and *ghoſt*?

* *Alexan. Benedictus in hiſtoria med. Jon. Imper.*
† *Democritus*
(*b*) *Antiphon.*
(*c*) *Mercur. l. 1. c. 16.*

Yet if *fair means* wo'nt doe, it muſt be *preſt*
And forc't, *as thoſe were to the marriage feaſt.*
If *mirth* be judg'd to have at any time
Its *ſeaſon*, when plague's *ripe* 'tis in its *prime.*
There's none will doubt but *melancholly*
Can put our bodies organs *out of tune.* (ſoon
For *cooling*, and ſo *binding* heart, it ſtops
The *ſpirits*, and detains them from their ſhops.
Thus *bodies* trading fails. Natural heat
Parts want, and can at market get no meat.
Hence *humor* makes a *melancholly* mood,
Cardan thought fit to call the *Devils food.*
This paſſion, when it may befriend the Peſt,
In *miſchief* will be ſure to *do its beſt.*
For weak'ning *then* the *noble parts*, they are
Neither condition'd to *reſiſt* nor *dare.*
We need no other *teſtimony* here,
But ſee how many *peſt themſelves* with *fear.*
For this *ſad* ſenſe can ne're the *humors* pleaſe,
But with an *atrabilious* diſeaſe:
For whoſe Nature we will no farrher ſeek,
Then to *Carbones* kindle in the ſick.
If you won't think, with *Avicen*, ima—
Gination can carry one ſhere away:
Fly to another man, there build its neſt
Of *botches*, *coles and blans*: ſo lay the Peſt.
Haply becauſe you'l ſay, who have a paten
To wrangle in the *Phyſick ſchools* in *Latin*,
Maintain that this ſame faculty ca'nt ſit,
Tranſlator like, and labour in the ſheet;

Ad intra onely operates: as he
Who wo'nt have others learn his *mystery*:
That *soul* keeps in its *sphere*, and's never known
To act in other *body* then its *own*:
And that if't could others *infect*, it might
Cure them: so bid Physician *good night*.
Yet * *Pic. Mirandolan.* and *Fab. Paolin, Francesc. of St. Nazar.* and *Mich. Medin*;
With divers other civil persons, strain
With all *fair words* to *win* you to their vein:
That you'd believe a *melancholly* sense
Oft projects to its self the *Pestilence*.
That those *sad spirits* strongly do enforce
The *yielding bowels* to its healths *divorce*
Alt'ring them strangely move a *sympathy*
In *Plague*, t' intrude and *bear them company*.
So *teeming woman* longs for such a dish
Or *kickshaw*, marks her *infant* with her *wish*.
So † such did dread *mad dog*, taught their fear'd
To fall with *fury* on their *patience*: (sense
To turn them giddy, and in corners lurk,
To set their venom'd *canine* teeth on work.
So in * infected *Trapani* the *sad*
And *timerous*, disease they *feard*, they had:
Fell dead where no *indicium* could be found
To make foundation of sickly ground.

* *Pic integris duobus lib. med*
L. 2. in recta in Deum fide Paul
L. 1 in Thu. navat pag. 123 Franc. c. 4. de peste.
† *Phil. Ingrassias part 2. de peste Pan.*
* *Petrus Paris. in tract. de pest. c. 9.*

We,

We, then, should keep *high region* of our *mind*,
As orb *above* dominion of the winde:
Serene as beauteous *air*, when in the *deep*
Rain, *windes* and *clouds* are all fast *rockt asleep*:
And onely pleasant *Zephyrus* may dare
Make pastime with *Apollo's* golden hair:
Calm as when all the *Sea Nymphs* dance and (play,
To celebrate their great Queens *marriage-day*.
Sadness we should abandon and refrain,
As we would fly from *cloud* for fear of rain:
Paint it, that with *Alecto* it may stand
Sister to *Pest*, with *Furies whip* in hand.
That so its fellowship we never brook,
Knowing its *nature* fiercer then its *look*.
The more *disasters* their *effort* employ
Against us, *greater* need we have of *joy*.
For breasts *burthen* in our *afflicted* state,
Mirth should have free puissance to make the (weight:
Give *nutrimental* chyle to ev'ry *part*,
And be the *Pericardium* to the *heart*. (esteem,
Great doubts in this that's of so high
How our poor spirits purchase may the gem.
When we no longer can resist or stand,
How to adde *vigour* to our *dagger hand*.
When thousands fall in view, to keep our (ground,
And courage raise 'gainst *death* we cannot (wound.

Some

Some *ſpeculative* Authors who do treat
About ſuch works make men *within ſide* ſweat,
That they to *ſadneſs* ne're be forc't to *yield*,
Have thought their *ſcull* the beſt to be their *(ſhield.*
For while, *ſay they*, the *active* minde does fall
Aboard ſuch things are *ſcientifically*,
All melancholly *ſpecies* 'twill deteſt,
As raw fleſh brought to board was never dreſt.
And the more *tetrick* that the ſtudy be,
'Tis beſt to *match* and *foile* the *enemy*.

But there be *others* of another *gang*,
Who ſtudious are about ſuch lines as *twang*;
Say *Muſe* to *Peſt* hath great *antipathy*,
And ſo cry up *Apollo* to the skie.
That *golden Archer* 'twas, *ſay they*, from whom
Python, ſymbol of *Peſt*, receiv'd his doom.
For which kinde act *Apollinary playes*
Be ne're forgot to propagate his praiſe.
How can *Plague* do him any prejudice,
Who *Phebus* favourite and client is?
Upon *Parnaſſus* takes the *ſuns* firſt beams,
And drinks of *Hippocrens* pure chriſtal ſtreams?
Beholds in ſweet ſociety of *Muſe*
The brillant caracolls of *Pegaſus*?
How can one in a *ſad* condition be,
Whoſe pen all day draws lines of *jubile*?
If *flowers* that at *Spring* ſo gay appear,
Do make the *ſolemn enough* of the year;

Need

Needs muſt he *joy* who diligently plots
Poëts contrivances and garden-knots.
And if the Sun's, *alias*, Apollo's flame,
Be godfather to *mirth* and gives it name:
Needs muſt he be *allegre* who diſplayes
Himſelf by luſtre of *Apollo's* raies.
Thus they. Which howſoe're to purpoſe ſaid,
None at their ſtairs are forc't to *run a head.*
Not ev'ry Wood will make a Mercury.
Nor this fit thoſe have *other fiſh to fry.*
Particular apply is *endleſs:* that
None will refuſe wh ch ſuites w th *ev'ry* ſtate.
Liranus Philo and *Joſephus* tell
How many ſorts of plagues made *Egypt Hell.*
The *Potſhaw* o're which curſed train and ſhow,
Was *Peſt*, elate great *Pharo's* ſoveraign too.
Though this fed on the *Memphians*, like wave,
Promiſcuouſly rowl'd man and beaſt to grave:
Yet all the *Iſraelites* it let alone.
Health took its quarters up with ev'ry one.
In *Baſil* Plague fell on the *Switzers*; and
Gave to (*a*) *Italians* and *French* its hand.
In *Maximinus* time it did infect
Heathens: but gave to (*b*) *Chriſtians* reſpect.
Another time when *Indians* were its meat,
Sayes Trajan, us it civ.lly d.d treat.

(*a*) *Hiſt. Eccleſ. l 9 c 8*
(*b*) *Euſeb. l. 2. de morb Gall c 18.*

If

If *Peſt*, theſe times, would keep the ſame ſtile
And onely *infidels* and *ethnicks* kill: (ſtill,
We might have hope to lie out of its road,
And ſcape its touch; for being of *Chriſtian*
If our *ſpirits* to theirs be *different*: (blood.
Our *bodies* be of the *ſame* element.
As when fortreſs is took, the conqu'ring foe
Puts all to ſword, whether baptiz'd or no.
And as when *dearth* is to ſome countrey ſent,
Pagans and *our* cheeks too are macilent;
So without difference *contagious Fate*
Seaſes each *age*, *religion*, *ſex* and *ſtate*.
Juriſts of old did *Peſtilence* diſcuſs,
As thing *inſolit* and *fortuitous*:
Steem'd as *unuſual* and *ſtrange* a ſmart,
As was *Alceſte's* paſſion of the heart.
As *rarely* hapned as their *deaths*, deceaſe
Of *Chilo's* or *Dragoras* diſeaſe.
But now it is, *ſayes* * *Toſtate*, (And who fear
He ſpeaks untruth, may be *prolinctors* here)
Effect does onely *againſt nature* fall,
For being *ſo oft* to us *unnatural*.
'Tis as familiar to us as gray *ruffs*,
When ſlic't and carbonado'd into *cuffs*:
Comes as the *ſwallow* or the *flea*, who knows
Its time, creeps near as *rocket* turn'd to *boſe*.
We all its open *feeding common* be,
To give it name of *Peſt* from *paſcere*.

* *In c.* 24 *Matth.*

'Tis

'Tis call'd *pandemos* too: and ſo can fat in
A *grazing* place as well of *Greek* as *Latine*.
Our ſpeculation, then, it muſt be bent
To finde our *joy* ſome *higher* argument.
Our muſing wit ſome *Numen* ſhould inſpire,
Eliſha's † *minſtrel* or elſe *Davids lyre*.
Till rais'd up to *Heaven*, it there commence
To penetrate *Gemms* of *Providence*:
Advert the diſpenſation of his *Graces*,
Wont to come to us with *diſaſtrous* faces.
How often hath affront, *ſayes Seneca*,
Foot-cloth to *Honour* laid and ſpread his way!
Blow ſtruck to *kill* or *agonize* the heart,
Brought *life* and * *cure* to ſome *apoſtem'd* part!
Egyptian peſt gave *Hebrews* liberty;
Who'd by th' *Aſſyrian* peſt too victory.
Davids Plague rid him of his ſontick fears,
And made him *ſound* by *penitence* and *tears*.
Could mortal eye reach its deſire, and we
Super-humane wiſdom's repoſtils ſee;
We ſhould from *curſed* bed of *preſent* ſtate
Diſcern how many *bleſſings* germinate.
What *maiden troups* makes Peſt *pure ſpouſes* be
In *Heaven* to be reſerv'd from brothelry?
How many *there* advance their *fathers* fame,
Might *here* have been their earthly fathers *ſhame*?

† 2 King. 3. 15.
* *Phalereus ex, gr. &c.*

How

How many there are *ſafe*, who here would (*ſtray*,
Be *loſt* and *die* an hundred times a day?
How many here had *ſcarce one cruſt* to eat,
There with the *holy Lamb* at ſupper ſit?
Gods rod, *Peſt*, with its ſtroke but *cleans* (our cloth
From vanities and pleaſures *duſt* and *moth*.
When tender *Mother* calls her *darling-dove*,
To hug with kiſſes of her kindeſt love;
Wooes him by all that can be counted dear;
And *ſloeworm* he harks with *deaf adders* ear;
She *ſtinkeates* nurſe, ſervant or ſome other,
Who with a *vizard ſcares* him to his *mother*.
So *larva*-face of *plague* does but affright,
To make us *flye* where *kindneſs* ca'nt *invite*.
Opens our eyes *wide* till they *ſtare* and ſee
Gods lap the *ſafeſt aſyle* that can be.
Let's, then, *take con ſort*. For as *Davids* (*pain*
And *trouble* eas'd him of his love *prophane*.
As ſick *Antiochus* devoutly fell
Proſtrate in Temple he *abus'd* when well.
And as *afflicted* Hebrews *Idols* broke,
That when *tripudiant* they did *invoke*.
So have we *now* occaſion to *retire*
From what *before trappan'd* our fond deſire.
The heavy *flail* we long have ſuffer'd under,
May *break* our vices anr'ous wreaths *aſſunder*.

In

In recompence of its ſtrokes *bruiſe* and *pain*,
Chaff is to *flye* and leave *refined* grain.
Let's comfort take. For as the *ſpinners* (lay
Their *webs* and *weave* them in a *cloudy* day:
As *digg'd* earth breeds the *better*; and the *vine*
Gratifies *pruner* plenteouſly with *wine*;
So we now under *cloud* and *culture*, may
Work well, and gardners care with *fruit* repay.
Let's comfort take. For like as *Jonas* (he
Courageouſly oppos'd tempeſtuous ſea.
And *Jacob* wreſtling with the *Angel*, found
Beſt *riſe*, as ball when hardeſt *thrown to ground*.
So *now* may our intrepid ſpirits be
Pompous rich *victors* o're *calamity*.
Let's comfort take. For if *Phyſicians* leave
Th' infirm, to whom what e're they like, they (give.
If *animal* in fields and meadows *rambles*
Without controul, he *deſtin'd* to the *ſhambles*.
And tree that husbandman *never reclaims*
With mattock, ſpade or knife, muſt fruit him (flames.
So 't would but be bad *omen*, if heaven ſhou'd
Ne're ſend us *biting froſts* to nip our blood.
If we in *ſuns beams* ſhould be alwayes *warm*,
And never knew what *thunder* was nor *ſtorm*.
Let's comfort take. For if the *cloudy* air
Gives th' earth a *richer* livery to wear.

If

If *stinging* bee for use of us does drive
Delicious anthine traffick in its hive.
If almond after *crude, hard, acid* meat
Gives us at last (as sumptuous feast) the *sweet:*
If *springs* ruby and *beauties* pride, *the Rose,*
Her *fragrant* body hides in *thorny* clothes.
And if the *Night* after she long hath born
Great belly, be deliver'd of the *Morn*;
God haply after our *hard tedious* labour,
Intends to *joy* us with some *signal* favour.
Thus *rightly awesul* and *well temper'd* fear,
Keeps all our arms *safe* marching in the *rear.*
When we are under goverment of *vice,*
Judgements *reclaim* and miseries *intice.*
Theta signs not out *death* but our *reprieve*;
And *Condemnation* tells us we shall *live.*
We here and there in sun-shine *gad* and *roam,*
When rainey weather makes us *keep at home.*
And when Gods *indignation* pours on us,
His *mercy's* then most scaturiginous.
His *clemency* may show the *sweetest face,*
But his *severity's* the *kindest grace.*
This can o're us spread *joy,* though we had bin
Inhabitants long in *Trophonian den.*
By such *Nepenthe* Melancholies *earth*
Will *sink* and ev'ry where be por'd with *mirth.*

Who can imbody *spirits* by their *art,*
And dexterously act Spagyricks part,

With those extract, as *supine* out of *verb*,
A *trade* or *mystery* from *drug* or *herb*,
May estimate these parenecticks worse
Then brass or lead *helcysm* of their purse:
Account they'l stead the *Patient* as much,
As *Bow Church Steeple* him that needs a (*crutch*.
After *disease* is character'd, and *cause*
Hath opened *poisnous* throat and show'd its (*paws*;
When whatsoe're 's of *prophetick* note,
Hath given in its signature and vote;
And *diagnostick* accidents are all
Adjoyn'd that use to be *propemptical*:
As one e're *Cain* was born, the *world* should (show
In *parts*, would distribute it into *two*;
So they the *sick* and *healthy* sever; which
They call, as pleases fortune, *poor* or *rich*.
Alexipharms must, as Physitian, serve
Both sides, either to *cure* or else *preserve*.
They bid the *Rich* their prized health intrust
To *rubies*, *emrods*, *saphires* cordial dust.
Granates, *pearles*, *jacints*, *musk* and *amber* lack
Onely their *Gold* to be dissolv'd to Sack.
The Germane *species liberantes* wait
T' enfranchise them in hygiastick state.
Th' *Emperours powder* shall be to them as free,
As can be *open* hand that drops their *fee*.

Men-

* *Montagnana's Confection* they ſhall try,
Then ſee for all their *wealth* if they can *die*.
With ~~ſweet~~ *manicarets* they ſhall be fed,
And eat the *golden egg* and ſo to bed.
Sev'ral *olla podrida's* they ſhall chooſe,
That † *ſenſe* and *intellectuals* may infuſe.
To *poor* who *ſalt* may want, their charity
Gives peradventure *ſal abſinthii*;
Figs, nuts, ſalt, rue, berries of Juniper,
May ſerve their turn with *ſauce of vinegar*.
While others greater ventures they inſure,
(may
Preſcribe to them *pilulæ ſine curâ*.
Such as for alwayes ſaving life, *of old*,
Were 'ſteem'd and call'd e're gilded, *pills of*
(*gold*.
But *Panacea*, or what e're can vie
With *high and mighty* peer of Alchimy.
Bettes, amulet, elixar, all
That can to Peſt be antipaticall,
Will little do againſt *diſeaſe* (muſt prove
Its *Pharmaceutick* vertue from *above*)
Chiefly derives from *heaven*. No *hoplochriſm*
Ere fought *hand out of cloud*, or cur'd a *Schiſm*.
We're * told that humane induſtry hath found
Panchreſtum, medicine for *ev'ry* wonnd.

* He affirmed he never ſaw any die of the Plague who uſed it.
† *V. Howel.*
* *Palmer de feb. peſt. c.* 17.

The stoutest *hector malady* can fight
Our nature, meets its *vincent antithete.*
Mad dogs and *serpents* poison oft are tried
In litt with what demits their *turgent* pride.
And that there is sends *packing over seas*
Collogueing *Neapolitan disease.* (harms,
The *Plague* 'mongst all *subdu'd* contagious
Unconquer'd boasts its self sole *King at arms.*
Why this, but that we should in our dispute
Against its power, implore from *God* recruit?
Know he our force can *onely* in such wars
Secundate, sends and curbs *erratick stars?*
Doctor, could he the smart of *his* sharp rod
Ease *always*, we should then *adore* as *God.*
Who with their useful lore the publick serve,
Some *secrets* still to be *admir'd* reserve.
And *God*, who does his *stellegg'd* honour own
As dearly as his *diadem* or *throne*,
Though he hath taught *Physitians* his art:
Some *crypticks* to them *never* will impart.
And why? because his bounty should assure
Him *glory* from our *benefit* and *cure.*
Because his sole opitulating care
Animates our *desire*, should *voice* our *prayer.*
* *Asa* may let *Physitian* controul
Both his sick *body* and his sicker *soul:*
Sacre rule, minde, will, conscience to his art,
Enthone and *idolize* him in his heart;

* 2 Chron. 16 12.

Alas,

Alas, he can *ſhare* his *infirmity*,
And onely knows to be *as ſick as he*. (diſeaſe
But what? As the *Athenians* their
Of *Plague* attributed to *Pericles*.
And *Romans* Lucius Verus th' *Emperour*
Blam'd, as who Plague had taught to *domineer*.
So now *we ſay* the Peſt is progeny
Of *ſtar* or *body elementary*.
Some *Angel* either *good* or *bad* we chide,
As *falling Luciſer* upon our *pride*.
None, *as it were*, layes faithful hand on *breaſt*,
To finde it *couch* and *pillowbear* to *Peſt*.
None think Plague ſent as *tutor* to *maintain*
The cauſe of *Gods* terricrepant *diſdain*:
That 'tis his *burning* miſſile to diſpenſe
Revenging flames of his *incandeſcence*.
Veſanous ablepſie, that heavens *clear* light
Hath made *moon-ey'd* and quite *depriv'd of* (*ſight*!
Pergamus great * Phyſitian could reſign
Peſt (though he neither knew) to power *di-* (*vine*.
And that *Achaian* Poet who was cryed
For *wiſdom* up till he was *deify'd*;
Who whence he came on earth none e're (could finde:
But gave men *eyes*, though he himſelf was (*blinde*.

* *Gal. in Epidem.*

Ingen'ouſly told *Greece*, the (*a*) Plague did
(follow
The will and order of incens'd *Apollo*.
What ſhall *we*, then, *we*, *Chriſtians* believe,
Who learn and write in his divine *archive*?
Know in *Leviticus* and (*b*) *Deuteronomy*
He menaces *Iſrael* with *hierocomy*;
Which one day with the Peſt they having
(tried
To *ſeventy thouſand* prov'd *hoſpitiicide*?
Plutarke aſſerts Lacedemonian ſtate,
When Peſt among them did *ſerpeggiate*,
Conſulted *Oracles* to make them wiſe,
That they voracious Peſt might ſepulize.
Athenians, *as Thucidides reports*,
Made for their *Dieties* new ſacred courts.
And Romans, *Livie writes*, did fabricate
To ev'ry *Idol* votive ſeat of ſtate:
Order'd proceſſions; lockt *tribunal* door,
And brought in *Gods* that ne're ſaw *Rome* be
(fore
Each did, though ne're ſo barbarous, the
(ſtate
With pious ſuperſtition *pumicate*. (reve
Why then wo'nt *we*, to whom the Heave
Their gracious, *true* light, *realize* our zeal?

(*a*) *Hom. pr. Ili.*
(*b*) *Deut.* 28.
Levit. 26.

That *one* foot may the head of *Dragon* preſs,
The *other* knee ſhould make *engonaſis*:
Supplicate his preſidie that can be
Wall on each hand through our *Erythrean* (*Sea.*

Pomona can afford no remedy
From her *ſuccinous* flow'ry *marquetry*.
Nothing in her dominions can be found
To *hedge in* or *repaſtinate* our ground.
Nothing of adjument can *Tellus* bring
From rich encauſted Jewels of the *Spring*.
No help of vertue ſeminal can come
From aught that's incadaver'd in her womb.
Noth'ng in *Machaonian art* can here
Ranſome our health or *medicate* our fear.
If we'd finde what does *both* and *never* fail,
We then muſt ſeek in the *Penean vale*.
† *Eliſha's ſalt* ſhould our *ſick waters* heal,
And our *deaths-pot* be temper'd with his *meal*.
Our *Ajax ſhield* muſt be the *Rational*,
Both *Phylactery* and *pharmatical*.

When *Planet* who rules *Capricorn* or (*Spleen*,
And he rules *Scorpio* or *Gall* convene.
From their *congreſs*; ſuch *vegetables* make
Purulent food; drink from *paludous* lake.

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† 2 *King.* 2. 22.
a *King* 4. 41.

And *Austral* windes that usually breed
Anoxery, Pest is eructated.
No fear of Pest, then, where in *Sphear* is set
Good Angel for *benign* Starnulet.
Where our commensal's *Christ*, whom we view, (touch,
And's sacramental body too embouch.
Where *heavenly* cordial melitism flows,
And *breeze* of *Holy Spirit* gently blows.
That we be'nt kept from such an *happy* (state,
Anomy should not *interequitate.*
Such *redolent* and *vernant* Paradise
Ca'nt be, but *first* we must *eructate* vice.
Such bread's not for *foul* stomacks: such a (flood
Will not expand its *Cobrus* streams on *mud.*
Such *winde* breaths not on *dunghils*, and whol (win
Angels love, must be *agamist* to sin.
Brigades of *flies*, *frogs* and such vermine, these
Signs of corruption, are Pests *oscines.*
But one who liberally and daily feeds
Runcina with a sacrifice of *Weeds.*
They whose *superiour* souls have their fit nest
In a *polite*, *luxiviated* breast:
There *stantiate* and have their constant tent,
Where nothing *pedid* is or *feculent.*
Such neither danger finde nor *omen* to be
Previous or *protatick* to *ghiandusse.*

How

How ever *others* smart and are distrest,
Their fear will *never* isikle to Pest.
Each for himself covets the happy fate,
To be to Pest victor *Crotoniate.*
We'd *Locri* be; neer *Nigir* fix our foot;
Or be inhabitants of *Calecut:*
Places *Cardan and Scaliger* * *relate*
Ne're known to give Pest room to *stabulate.*
Health's dear foes: and yet we more befriend
Our *lust*, whose *league* we're *loth* to interscind.
It were, should we *decrustate* this, we think,
To be *ablacted* both from *meat* and *drink.*
We must do more then *wish*: 'te'nt to (fulfill
Our own *desire* to saginate our *will.*
It is expected we with all our slight,
Manticulate our *paunch* and *appetite:*
Oft keep *Rogation week*, that it may raise
And crumble into dust of *Ember dayes:*
Feed at *the table of Apelles*, where
Abstinence waits and ushers in the *fare.*
And acolastick *riot* is put by;
As complice to † *proscrib'd Philosophy.*
By iconism made in ev'ry point
To put both *eye* and *stomach* out of joynt.

---

* *l.* 10 *de subtil exer* 32
† *A convivijs exulat philosophia.*

Pest,

Peſt, * *Toſtate ſays*, from *paſtus* comes. Hence
(thoſe
Moſt ſuffer by it are moſt *crapuloſe*.
As *Dutch* and *Germans*, while ſuch are moſt
(free,
Subſtract their *epigaſtricke* husbandry.
Contagion fiſh atacks not. For they *ſpare*,
In want of lungs to *gormandize* the air.
And ſuch who are *unbowel'd* of delight,
Secretly glides from innate appetite:
Have nothing in them ſerves, or may be meant
Organ to draw the vitiate *ambient*:
Who ſomewhat do *peculiate* from each diſh
Crams *luxury*, may be *as whole as fiſh*.
You'l grant they very well may *guizzants*
(ſeem,
While in ſalt ſea of *penitence* they ſwim.
This 'tis muſt give our carrack *volant* vogue,
And make us *peccant humors* diſembogue.
This will *extinguiſh fire* of prurient luſt,
And be *ſmegmatick* to our *ſcabious* ruſt.
For *crime*, peſt to the *ſoul*, does watch
(and tarry
For *bodies* peſt, and is its emiſſary:
With oily words does it entrapelize,
And with *Dardanean art* too ſyrenize.
Findes it obſequious to its call and beck,
And rules it as its *Hogan Mogan* Sneck.

* *In c. 6 2 paral. verſ. peſtilen.*

Be-

Because against wife (*a*) *Esop* some did rage:
They felt from Pest pounces of ostrifrage.
Because the *Romans* Manlius did condemn
To *death*, being *innocent*, with *punick crime*:
They (*as some great Theologists have said,*
With Sibil, thought to be (*b*) *entheated*)
Infliction had pat to their villany,
And suffer'd Pests *coccinean cruelty*.
David too thousands of his subjects found
By *beccamorto* given to the ground:
Because for *giving* holy prebend, curse
Of *thrift* had laid (*c*) *embargo* on his purse.
Because by a *subduction* all his state
He'l *calcule*, must himself *denumerate*.
Since, then, *Pest*'s crimes *punition*, (that so
Fares by't *as thrush that dungs on mistletoe*:
Or as that *smith* and known *Mercurial* gull,
Who *cow'd* himself by *Phalaris's bull*.
If contrary contrary meet to try
The mastership by *mutual* courtesie:
Collaterate and be such *friendly* mates,
As one the others wounds *consolidates*.
Penitence ne're with *Pestilence* will station,
Ne're be *collegue* nor joyn in *parentation*.

(*a*) *In oput. de iis qui secò puniuntur.*
(*b*) *Liv. dec.* 1. *l.* 1.
(*c*) *Abulens.*

Who would not in this *cataclyſm* die,
Like Morkin, *Leaches ſay*, to hill muſt *flye*.
Infected houſe *ſhun* more than hate to tarry
In an *illuvious, mucid* columbary:
Make gun as *inteſtinum rectum*, where
Phyſick may iſſue have to *purge* the air:
Charge *ſweat* it tend at ev'ry *pore* to carry
Lethean humours out as *oſtiary*.
Let *cautery* mouth open that may *ſpawl*,
As if provok't by ſome *emeticall*.
With *vinegar* make *ſpear* the ſpoil *divide*,
And *lancepreſado* be to *hoſticide*:
Sugar amand, and ſuffer no ſuch choice
Sweet thing at board to have a *choral* voice.
But what ſay they who can with words tranſ-(port
Sick ſoul to *health*, when their beſt skill's a-(mort?

Who would not be this *feral monſters* prey;
Fall in inſidious *Catoblepa's* way;
He muſt himſelf *abduce* and *ſevocate*
From *lutulent peccaminous* eſtate:
Make *reſipiſcence* his *reverticle*,
Can utmoſt rage of *larval* foe *repell*.
There * *grave* his habitation in a *rock*,
And with his gemm'd *Mauſoleum* danger mock.
Sakers of crebrous *ſighs* muſt voice to clear
The *ſouls* threnetick, languid *hemiſphere*.

* Iſa. 22 16.

Hu-

Humours he muſt propel till they retreat,
Fall and precipitate themſelves in ſweat;
With *dolorous* and *rainy* eyes make wells
T'officiate as *lugubrous* fontenels:
Acerb *Compunction* uſe to cut, prick, fret,
And be to conſcience as its *rabouret*.
Friandiſes, *rambooz*, *mulſe*, all the throng,
Of dainties, ſargeants be to teeth and tongue,
As *Sinons* nauſeate, and from the table
Keep as landloopers or abacted rabble.
Thus did the *Royal Cythariſt* when (he
Would ſubjugate Plagues pervicacity.
Faſting he in a *Pſycomachy*, ſtrives
To win the *hoſt of heaven* by collatives.
His eyes while they are *ſtorm'd* by *ſhowry* (South,
Nothing but *ſkriveing's* liquid in his mouth.
Decubiæ and *abſtinance*, theſe are
His *Pyladean* protocolls to prayer:
Makes his *Gilt* with his *tears* together drop.
So takes the bight of *heaven* with *teleſcope*.
Sambuck lays by, agnizes all his rants.
And *Iſraels ſweet ſinger* then recants.
While a cilicious *Sambenit* environs
His bare fleſh, rakes his wounds with ſcalping (irons:
Sepoſites robes, crown, ſcepter, and in ſtead
With *aſhes* ſpices his anointed head;

And

And his *baſilical* great *Honour* muſt
Sit where alive he's *buried*, in the *duſt*.
Thus he, and thus each *Roman Matron*, ſhe
Though hackney *ſtrumpet* to *Idolatry*:
Yet in ſuch times when *Apollyon* came
With ſaliant luſt to raviſh ev'ry dame;
They ſending troups of agoniſtick fears,
To hold their *paillards* by their *andoillers*:
Ev'ry *falacious* wiſh and *wanton* groan,
Licenſing to *catuliate* alone,
Scarmigliate and *contrite* then they be:
Each ſtubborn, ſtiff *Aloia* bends her knee,
They *waſh* their *Idols* temples with their *tears*,
Aſſurding them with *ſobs*, *complaints*, *ſuſ-*
(pires.
A better way we cannot well invent
T' avoid a *quarantene* then *keeping Lent*:
When we *refrene* willfull ingluvious *maw*
And *Luſt*, with *Fannian* and *Scatinian law*:
Doe from the *ſoul* thoſe *kitchen* vapours keep,
Which lull its *entelechie* faſt aſleep;
That *power* by which the heavenly *ſatraps* be
Aſſiſtant to us with their *Hierarchy*.
If in this *lugent* ſtate we'd finde *com-*
(paſſion,
Revoke the ſentence of our *decimation*:
Be in poſſeſſion *quietly* at home,
Where *Ziims* now and † *Ohims* daily roam:

† Iſ. 13 21. & 34 14.

De-

Deſire *Arachne* with her *Phalacrus*,
Might eat their way *ſecurely* out of us:
If we would have ſome *remedy* that brings
Vaginipennous Plague to *cloſe its wings*:
Be *eartht* agen; elſe *flye* and make *retreat*
To diſtant part of *African* or *Gete*,
Kyrie Eleiſon be our charm. * *One* may
Call Heavens fire: † *thouſands* voice it quite (away.
Cardiognoſtick haubert ne're * *deverts*
His *mercy* from an hecatomb of *hearts*.
By *obteſtation* from him we ſhall
Delinitment have *delenſicall*,
Calaſtick, *ſepticall*, *emollient*,
Peptick, what e're from *Hygia* can be ſent;
What gives us *reviviction*: ſo can cure
With *Loves* ſupernal *fire* our *calenture*.
While we *conflagitate* his *grace*, he fights
His own arms, conque'ring our *Amalekites*.
By ſuch a winding *cockle-ſtairs* as theſe,
We mount *above* the power of all diſeaſe.
Salacia and *Thetis* ſhould conteſt,
Which from which eye can fluce out th' *ocean* (beſt.

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* 2 Kings 1. 10.
† 1 King. 8. 37, 38, 39.
* 2 King. 13. 4.
Mark 11. 24.
Matth. 7. 11.

Draw-

Drawing *amarous* ſtreams, from thence t' ob-
(tain
Far more illuſtrious title o're the Main.
The *Penitential Pſalms* direct the way
To ſing our *plangent* dirg and *Nænia.*
They're ſafe from being by Plagues *deluge*
(drown'd,
Who waſh themſelves in this *Probatick Pond.*
The vertuous *Bethesda* of our eyes,
Makes *ſin* and *Plague*, not *us*, the ſacrifice.
To gain loſt *virgin* ſtate the *lazarous* ;
Squalid and *jacent* finde it *Canathus.*
VVith *ſighs* we draw heavens vital air, with
(grones
New life: as thoſe that toucht * *Eliſha's* bones.
Remorſe is ſuch a thing by which we're made
To *ſpeed* on then the moſt when *retrograde.*
Waters of Shiloah that ſoftly fell
From *Sions* foot, were call'd the † *Dragons*
(*Well.*
Such are our *coulant* tears ſteal down to meet
And pa's the humbleſt courtſhip of our feet.
That figur'd help: and *this* to us does ſo.
Coule-ſang plague drinks *here* and burſts in two.
But we muſt take *more pains*, that it
(may fall
T' our lot to have a *Year Sabbatical.*

---

* 2 King 13. 21.
† Nehem 2. 13.

'Tis

Tis not *enough* with *folded* arms to *grone*,
Sit and reſolve to make *Epheſian moan*:
That we *more* then irrorate cheeks, *ſo weep*,
That *couch* and *bed* each floating ſeems a ſhip.
Theſe are but *ocious* acts would fain be bleſt
With *eaſe at wiſh*; have *without* labour reſt.
If our *armes* be not buſie after all,
Our *tears* will make our eyes but mopſical.
Our ſacred tenure's *ſoccage*, which we owe
To *ſudatorious* manage of the *Plough*.
We muſt *ſaburrate* ſhip, leaſt in the brine
It *ſwims* it *reel*, *ſtumble* and *turn carrine*:
With *hands* as well as *eyes* be diligent,
If we Peſts *racemation* would *prevent*.
The *great Theoremiſt's* digeſts, pſephiſms,
Decretals, ſcits, cancel our motaciſms.
No ſtudent e're his *ſacred volume* took
For *practice*, can be blotted out his book.
What ever of *Palladium* was ſaid
Chimerically, here's the *Word* and *Deed*.
Decachord makes Plagues ſpirits by the ſound
In their *Chimmerian* hypoge abſcond.
Each bankrupt *reliquator* here may be
Diſcharg'd by grant of *novæ tabulæ*.
This gives us *bill of health* by ſea and land:
Is our ſafe *convoy* and our *caravan*.
This *Leſbian rule* * thus ſteads us: And his
(mouth
Who'll doubt, he being the *Fidius* of truth?

* Levit. 26 Deut. 5 29. Deut 7. 12. 15.

Nomark here tells us, who with things *divine*
Make in their hearts ablective officine:
Doe to their *Attick* Chriſtian faith fit place
And claſs allow to ev'ry *ſiſter Grace*:
Make them ſtand as ſuch *brious* part'ners
As were to dance by *muſick of the ſphears*.
Handed with ſuch aſſociates * ne're will fall,
But be to Deſtiny *deſpoticall*.
Nona and th' *other two* for ever be
Secluded from the *Vertues* company.
Thoſe againſt *theſe* can harbour no deſigns
To fidelay or eyebite their Valentines.
They, though the puiſſant *Regents* of miſhap,
Doe never lay *dead pledges* in *their* lap:
Theſe never act ſad part in *tragedy*,
Nor ſing in conſort with *Melpomene*.
They face the *ortive ſun*: but do not know
Funebrous blaſts that from *Sirocco* blow.
Theſe *diamonds* be to *contagion*:
Take all *magnetick* vertue from the ſtone.
Vertues become when *ſhirro* peſt aſſails
Offenders, their *mallevadors* and bails.
Oft they have courtiers who their kind-
neſs prove,
And then *vacillate*, as if drunk with love.
Their mercedaries for ſome preſent boon
They be; but onely love them for a moon.
With them *a while* exceedingly rejoyce,
But *quiskly* are deponents of their choice.

* 2 *Pet* 3. 5,6,7, & 10.

Float

Float as *Cutilia's* isle, and change their minde,
As often as *Hyena's* doe their *kinde*.
Statical helps such want for cure and ease,
And need *stegnoticks* for their loose disease.
'Tis not who *starts* nor he that *runs apace*:
But † he runs well *to goal*, who wins the race.
'Tis not *French fury*, but long faithful strife
Hath promise of the * *diadem of life*.
Who *vertues* keep, do'nt *euripize*, but be
As *constant* to them as the *Baltick Sea*.
To have *allodial lands* we can't devise
A better way then give them *predial tythes*.
The oil of these *wise virgins* lamps, on fire
Of Pest hath force to make it soon expire.
Nothing can e're with *Vices* them in-
(gage
To make condict or joyn in voisinage.
They're *Amazons* ne're but with *cartel* greet
(them,
Nor unless in *steccado* ever meet them.
The one as *acolites* are serviceable
To *Angels* at heavens *high communion table*.
In ev'ry *languid* and *lugubrous* breast,
Joyous invigorating power ingest.
The other wait *Hells* plots, trepans, snares,
(nets:
As *Pagod's*, *Deumo's*, *Ashtaroths* valets.

† 1 *Cor* 9 24.
* *Rev* 2. 10.

To intervert, enervate and infest,
They *couders* are and *scuttles* to the Pest.
They have an *electricity* to draw
All *acherontick* Plagues to fire our straw.
That Plague may cease, *Curtius* life must be (pria'd,
And populace of sin be sacrific'd.
Who *vertues* for their help and favour choose,
To curb Pest's stasiastick boutefeu's,
Abdicate vice, and all that vice retains,
With their relicts, encliticks and remains.
That Vertues, *birds of Paradise*, may come,
Hawkers *extrude*, and vitious fowls *deplume*.
Who'd be *their* friend, his morals *interpole*;
His minde *embellish*, *calander* his soul.
They'l have none are *vertiginous* to wooe (them;
None *blind* or *lame* in their affection to them.
Nergal by heathen Sycophants was meant
Competitour with the *Omnipotent*.
They thought it fit, while they to him did (pray,
To joyn the senseless aid of *Ashima*.
Nibhaz ca'nt move nor *Tartak*; yet each (stands
To help their † servants, with their wooden (hands.
So many their *devotions* sever now,
That *quotient* serves *vice* and *vertue* too:

† 2 *King.* 17. 31, 32, & 41.

Use

Uſe vices as *acetars*, that with theſe.
Vertues may down and *much the better* pleaſe.
Thus as if in a *quarreſour* they ſtand;
Can *ou*, or *back*, or *turn* to either hand.
Each with a vafrous ſlight can change their fiſt,
Be *zelot* now and then *libidiniſt*.
Mulato-like, ſeeming to have a right
To *Hell* and *Heaven*, have parents *black* and (*white*.
But rivals they deteſt, unleſs they be
Firſt wedded to their own ſociety.
Bigots or *bigamiſts* they will have none.
But who takes them, all joyn and make but one.
Their Lovers they will have admire their
As ſolely as the *needle* does the *North*. (worth,
To be a *carnaliſt* is to refuſe
The true *Olympus* for meere *ſpittle houſe*:
T'obvaricate his deareſt health, and vary
His armes from *Temple* into *Mortuary*.
His mirth's *Abderian laughter*; does but tend
To make him *agelaſtick* in the end.
Xenodoxiſt himſelf does vainly tire,
To follow *falſe lights* into pits and mire.
The *lawleſs's* deſtructive Power and ſpight,
Breaks down an hedge that ſerpent may him (* *bite*.
The *mammoniſt* with all his ill-got gain,
Is *Cerberus in adamantine chaine*.

---

* Eccleſ 10. 8.

Staſiarchs glory happily may fluſh
With *mid-dayes* beams, proves ſoon *occiduous*.
Gnatho's and they who lead *Apicius* life,
Devote to their delicious throats a knife.
Suiſt no care nor toil will let alone
To pleaſe himſelf, *roules Siſyphus's ſtone*.
Beauty's ſtar-gazers have th' unhappy luck
T'admire *phantaſms* and be *Planet-ſtruck*.
Vice is plagues *whiſpring-place*, that does afford
True correſpondent ſound to every word.
Who ſuffer under *Libitines black rod*,
Firſt nouriſht Vices colubriferous brood.
If plague *tomb* our elychnious bodies, theſe
Were *firſt* by vice brought to their obſequies.
This makes our *Golgatha*, and *Death* when he
Gives us the ſtroke, this holds the *clepſydre*.
Others may ſing our dirge, *this* will deviſe
Our ſad *commendaces* and cloſe our eyes.
Noe *Neades* like *Vices* when they rave
And roar, to ſhake our *Earth* into the grave.
They ev'ry hour ſuch ſerpents breed, as will
Defie and hiſs in ſcorn at *Ibis* bill.
If we doe apolactize, force and tread
Them *under* foot, we get *above* plagues head.
Beſt preſentaneous help we have, 's to clear
All our araneous works and goſſymeare.
Such ruſt *delimate*, our gold *bright* will ſhow.
Filtre ſuch dregs: from peſt we run *free* too.
When all the World lay plagued mortally
With *phagedana* of enormity;

So

So virulent, that *leach* from *heaven* was ſent,
And needs muſt *die* to *ſave* the *patient*.
Who tells us of his coming, cryes and prayes,
That we prepare him *clean*, *ſtraight*, *even* (wayes.
So now our taske's the ſame, to breake and (cart
Sceleſticke ſcopeliſm from the heart:
That nothing in our converſation be
Of *rancid* or *mephiticke* quality:
T'unbow crookt wonts, wrie acts to *regulate*:
Make *brachity* of will and manners *ſtraight*.
Euthemy both procures *euthanaſie*,
And's ſanative to *Eryſipely*.
Ephemeriſt who his *aberrancyes*
Calculates faithfully with *mouth* and *eyes*,
With *contrabanded* goods he does deteſt,
With his *delicts* he deſecrates the peſt.
Our *mourning's* dark red *porphyry* ſhould (now
With *milkie* features enterlace its brow.
Though black without, yet *fairer* be then *fire*
Underneath, as *Contemplatives* attire:
Hew'd as the *Parian marble*, or what ſhows
The beauteous *argent* ſmiles of *Juno's roſe*.
Our ſalves and us can *alabaſter* fence
Beſt from corruption with its *innocence*.
We are to get our health as thoſe of *Greece*
Did gather golden grains, with *Jaſons fleece*.

Our *ſoules* great ſhepheard, then, now (ſeems to ſleep,
While *murrain* plays the *wolfe* among the *ſheep*,
Will *wake*, its *ſtorm rebuke*, and *ſafely* carry
His bleating lamkins in his oviary.
He'l be our *nuptialiſt*, and then eſteem
We as with *ſpotleſs* pudor come to him.
While *Virtue* from him kindly rules our *Nights*,
He'l make the *Delian twins*, *Latonian lights*.
Our ſpouſes *ſalade* is the *ſureſt* fence
Againſt *giſarmes* of the *Peſtilence*.
Among thoſe conquer this, *Phyſitians* call
Treacle deſpot and podeſtate to all.
Treacle, to uſe the right, we muſt not make
Of trivial, aconicke earthly ſnake:
But what the true *Fanus* is, and is found
In *heaven*, like *Zodiacke* to claſp it round.
The Serpent *Moſes* lifted up who view'd,
By touch of *viſial beams* their healths renew'd.
We underſtand the figure well, that * 'twas
Myſtery of our *Shiloh* on the *Croſs*.
Dragon Peſt uſe all its mecidial tricks,
We *croſs* its ſpight by eyeing *Cruſifix*.
The *Romans* when they had endur'd the pain
Long time of Peſts ignovomous diſdain,
To *Epidaurus* ſent Ambaſſadors
For *Eſculapius* ſnake to work their cures.

---

* *John* 3. 14.

This

This came: Plague ceas't. And hence they make (relation,
How their *devotion* to't made their *piation*.
But sure we are *'tis onely he* whose tread
Had the sole power to bruise th' *Old Serpents* (head,
The deadly steam reeks from his poisonous (den,
In curst revenge on us, repels again.
In pitty to our humane frailty, he
Cloath'd himself with, cures its infirmity.
He whom *Leviathan* cannot resist,
Turns him with hook to breath which way he (list.
None enter heavens *Elysium*, but they (way
Who pass through him is lifes sole gate and
He's that harmonious* vent, that if we trust,
Focillate will our fires and quench our thirst.
Iliads of evils from us he'l *expel*,
Our griefs and languors *mancipate* to hell:
All flagrant *gledes* and *firedrakes* drive from (hence,
To *ring the Curfew* to the *Pestilence*.
Who *basis* takes away, sure, can forbear
To keep the *structure* hanging in the air.
Who *imprecated* sin, did cause *dismiss*,
Effect can *chase*, and *ban* the κόλασις.

---

* 2 King. 3, 15 16, 17, &c.

He

He needs, if *brazen snake* could save alive,
Must cure who cures by *representative*.
'Gainst *phymata*, *oedemata*, what e're
Distringent is by *chagrin*, *pain* or *fear*,
What e're 's *tabificall* or makes us sick,
Christ's thorns expunge and mortise to the quick.
A *tempest* of acutest malady,
His *rood* converts into a *malacy*.
Then *Carduus benedictus* if more *bitter*, (ex.
Its virtue proves ten thousand times the *sweet*-
Relike of *this* with *gratia Dei* meets
Our *dead* flesh and *exulcerate* ferits.
Impolueriz'd by *sufferings*, it makes
Poma ambræ and *manus Christi* cakes.
A *some* it is does not *depress* but *carry*
Its *gerents* to the starry laqueary:
Flotes them above deluge of Earth and brings
Through all the *Orb of fire* on *wooden* wings.
This *badge* while in their *Purpura* they bear,
Makes them *Knights* here with the *Patriarch* there.
'Tis *septer* o're both *Globes*,* guidon of might,
And *tables of the Law* laid thwart and right.
'Tis *Fortunes* wheel, th' *Arts* turnstile solely (ha's
The place to give them way and let them pass.

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* 1 *Cor.* 1 18
† *Matth.* 10 18.

Cyclo-

Cyclopædia's axis, Learnings *hand*,
Its *ſenſe* does and the *letters* too expand.
Piazza of the worlds *four parts*, where they
To make a league together meet and ſtay.
Their *ſymbol* and *impreſs*, *rule*, *protipe*, *frame*,
Includes them and *indigits* whence they came.
Phyſicks *Pharmacopœa* comprehends
Art *infinite* to all poor leach commends.
Its *timber* can, where ever need requires,
Contabulate our wants and our deſires.
Phyſick may have *hand* of our *cure at* (need,
But ſtill *Religion* ownes the *heart* and *head*.
She 'twas that when ſins *Cypreſs tree* was (grown
All o're the *earth*, gave charge to cut it down.
'Twas *ſhe* that whole our piteous *eye-ſore* made,
By the detenebration of its ſhade.
'Twas that compaſſionate *celeſtial* dame,
Cloſ'd *Divine Nature* here in *Virgin* frame.
Was caliduct of *ſacred* fires, whence we
May ſupervive by *uranoſcopy*.
And when *firſt* the *Creator* gave each birth,
Was ſuppellecticarious to *Earth*:
So that to view defecated did come
All the agroted *Chaos* had in womb,
She ev'ry *ſpecies genus* claim'd for his
Ordain'd; then pen'd the Phyſick *geneſis*.
She plant and herb fororiant deſign'd
Proleſick and *luſtrifick* in its kinde.

She

She made it *vegetive*, and did it tie
With the *frank almoine* of her *Charity*.
She, ſhe it was, that e're it budded forth,
Did to our uſe *paſtilicate* its worth.
On *humane art* why ſhould we fondly reſt,
That is but *ſtoln* or *borrowed* at the beſt?
When we may have what's *real beauty*, ſeem
Content with the *preſtiges* of a *dream*?
We ca'nt, when *Nature* does our *Life* disband,
Commit it to more *ſafe* and *tender* hand.
Rapine and *Inſolence*, ſuch as ingage
To propagate ochlocraſie of *Rage*;
All *macellarious* complices and fiends,
Plot to abet and act pale *Horrours* ends,
Before *her* ſink, while they themſelves con-
(found,
As giddy *Eddy* in its circles drown'd.
And more *indulgent* touch then *hers* can ne're
Come from the cloſe embrace of *gentle* air,
When *ſmiling* ſhe a *ſunny* mantle throws
About the *blooming* infant of the *Roſe*.
More *grateful* and *obliging* courteſie
Ne're ray'd from *Goddeſs* of the *Morn*, when
For her belov'd weary *Endymions* head, (ſhe
In *bluſhing ſatten* makes his *ſpicy* bed.
Ne're from ſerene *Lucina* came, who ties
Her *vigils* veſtment round with *ſtarry* eyes,
When the tir'd *Howers* of the *day* doe creep,
Into her open *downey* breaſt to ſleep.

O

O do'nt deſpiſe a *Beauty*, whoſe deſpight
Does all our wiſhes, hopes, deſigns benight.
Whoſe *Injury* and *Indignation* are
The *rigid* pregnant *parents* to *deſpair*.
Whoſe *frown* induſiated with *threats*, may ſtand
For gift from *Circes* or *Roxana's* hand.
And whoſe all-bounteous *favour*, when 'tis (*gone*,
Leaves us deſponſ't to *Gods* of *wood* and *ſtone*.
O doe not ſlight a *Beauty* ſo ſupream,
Brightens *Heaven* with her *Juno's* diadem.
Who, where ſhe liſts, the *Civick crown* confers,
Fruſtates and makes *irrite* dire *climacters*.
And in whoſe *ſmiles* patulicates all *this*
And *life hereafter* can embrace of *bliſs*
Slight not, O ſlight not *her*, with *charms* who (ſings
Plague dead, & covers you with *Cupids* wings.
Paul plants, *Apollo* waters: when all's done,
She's wanted *irradiation* of the *Sun*.
When *Doctors* have *exantlated* their *skill*,
Her *Raphaels* ſacred Phyſick cures our ill.
That *Plague* ſurprize us not with *fear* or *dread*,
Sanctuary ſtands upon *Religions* head.
We ſee, through *Art*, where e're we caſt our (eye,
All *Nature* circuncluded with the *Sky*.

FINIS.

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